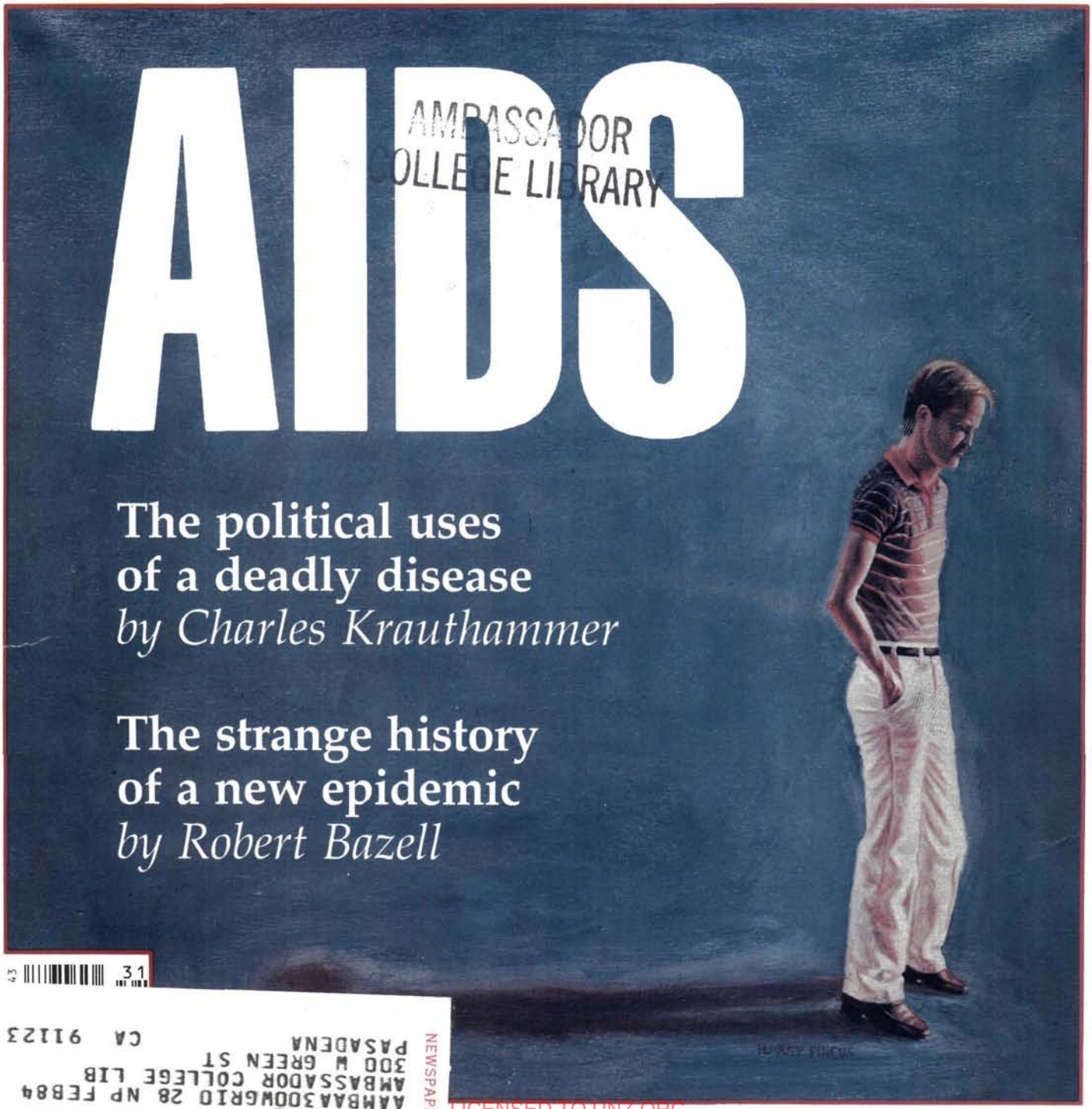
AUGUST 1, 1983 • $1.50

Hersh's Kissinger vendetta, by Fred I. Greenstein

TRB pooh-poohs Debategate • Alfred Kazin on Henry Adams

THE NEW REPUBLIC

JUL 2 1 1983



AMBASSADOR
OLLEGE LIBRARY

43 31
STA 1412
AAMBAA300WGRIO 28 NP FEB84
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
300 W GREEN ST
PASADENA CA 91123
NEWSPAPER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Credit Card Size

FM POCKET STEREO

Now a breakthrough in micro-electronics brings you astonishing stereo sound from a featherlight FM-receiver SO COMPACT, SO WAFER THIN... IT ACTUALLY FITS IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET!

The Price Is Incredible, Too

JUST $29.00

© 1983 TARGET VENTURES, INC.

The World Has Never Before Seen A Micro FM Stereo So Small In Size... Yet So Big In Performance!

This is the incredible MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO! It's smaller and thinner than a deck of cards ... compact enough to slip into a pocket or purse ... yet so dynamically powerful, it pulls in distant stations with ease!

When it arrives in your home, you'll notice its handsome, sleek design, ease of operation and revolutionary mini-earphones that eliminate cumbersome headbands.

Then ... close your eyes and listen to the most breathtaking FM/FM stereo sound you've ever heard — stereo with crystal clear highs, deep resonant lows and unbelievable "concert hall" dimension! But that's just the beginning...

Designed Exclusively For Unsurpassed FM Stereo Reception!

The MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO brings you exceptional FM reception because it has NO OTHER circuits or connections to interfere with selective tuning and sound reproduction.

Employing state-of-the-art micro circuitry and advanced samarium cobalt magnet earphones, the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO delivers performance undeniably comparable to a stereo system many times larger!

Technically, total harmonic distortion is well under 1%, so sound is crisp, clear and true. 330-15000 HZ frequency response — and sensitivity of 15 db — literally GUARANTEES drift-free station-pulling power.

And 30 milliwatts per channel bring you "driving" stereo sound WITHOUT minimizing the impressive 18-24 hour playing time you can expect from the STEREO's 2 "AAA" batteries (not included).

Features To Surprise And Delight You!

At less than 3 ounces, the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO is practically "weightless"! Yet its outstanding features make for EASY, INSTANT operation!

Its rugged and durable case is as handsome as it is protective. Its thumbwheel volume control and precision FM tuning dial provide sensitive response. The LED lighted stereo indicator lets you "browse" through the FM band and then lock onto a desired stereo transmission. A handy, top-mounted earphone jack can also be used as an output to full-sized amplified speakers. And the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO even comes complete with its own velvet-suede drawstring carry pouch.

But one feature most MI-FI owners like best is actually something that's missing — an awkward, protruding metal antenna! On the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO, the super sensitive FM antenna is built right into the earphone cord!

Earphones Instead Of Headphones... FOR THE ULTIMATE IN COMFORT AND SOUND!

While its true that today's modern headphones have come a long way, THEY'RE NOW OBSOLETE when compared to the advanced mini-earphones supplied with the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO.

Tethered to a handy, 36" antenna cord with attached mini plug, these astounding contoured foam earphones are soft, cushiony and fit comfortably right in your ears.

They're so lightweight and miniature — and fit so securely even when you're wearing a hat — you can count on them to stay in place throughout the most vigorous exercise.

And all the while, they faithfully deliver excellent tone and fidelity — plus extraordinary sound brilliance — whether you're listening to a Beethoven concerto or a New Wave cacophony!

Take It – Use It – Anywhere!

The astonishing compactness of the MI-FI POCKET STEREO brings you a limitless range of listening opportunities.

Listen to it unobtrusively in the office... on a bus, train or plane... or while grabbing your lunch on the run. Sitting in your shirt pocket, pants pocket, pocketbook or briefcase, it's practically invisible to everyone around you.

Listen to it while you're jogging, exercising or bicycling in the park.

Listen to it while you're gardening, working on a project or doing household chores — the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO is *never* slung over your shoulder so it *can't ever* get in the way!

And listen to it when others in your home need quiet. But if others do want to enjoy the great stereo sound, plug the MI-FI SHIRT-POCKET STEREO into a pair of amplified speakers ... and stand back for the impact!

Unconditionally Guaranteed: Your Money Back If Not 100% Delighted!

The MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO has already earned rave reviews from thousands of mail-order buyers and critical acclaim from technical experts.

And MI-FI is a known and respected name among serious HI-FI fans and the trade.

If, for any reason whatsoever, you are not totally satisfied with your order — if the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO should not perform exactly as you expected — return your order within 30 days for a full refund... no questions asked!

But we're so certain you'll absolutely LOVE the MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO the moment you hear it, we know you'll want to order extras as gifts right away for your family and friends! At this amazingly LOW price, why not order them now?

For fastest service on credit card orders, call TOLL FREE 24 hours: 800 228-5505

SPECIFICATIONS:

Frequency Range: 88MHZ-108MHZ
Sensitivity: 15db
IF Rejection: 45db
S/N Ratio: 45db
Separation: 30db (1KHZ)
THD of Amplifier: Less than 1%
Power Out: 30 mW per channel
Frequency Response: 330HZ-15KHZ
Power Source: 2 "AAA" batteries (not included)
Dimension: 3½" H x 2¼" W x 9/16" D
Weight: 2.7 ounces
Headphone Weight: .5 ounces per set
Headphone Magnetic Material: Samarium Cobalt

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

TARGET VENTURES, INC. • DEPT. NRH 03 •
400 SOUTH DEAN STREET • ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631

☐ ***YES!*** Please RUSH me ____ **MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREO(S)** at only **$29.00**, plus $2.95 each postage & handling. If not 100% delighted, I may return my order for a full refund.

☐ ***SAVE!*** Rush me **TWO MI-FI SHIRT POCKET STEREOS** at only **$55.00** plus $5.95 postage and handling.

Total enclosed $ _____ in check or money order payable to **TARGET VENTURES INC.**

Charge my: ☐ MASTER CARD ☐ VISA ☐ AM.EX.

Acct. No. _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____

Name ☐ Mr. ☐ Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,576

WASHINGTON, D.C. — AUGUST 1, 1983

Editor-in-Chief and President
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
HENDRIK HERTZBERG
Literary Editor
JACK BEATTY
Executive Editor
MORTON M. KONDRACKE
Senior Editors
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER
LEON WIESELTIER
Managing Editor
DOROTHY WICKENDEN
Associate Literary Editor
ANN HULBERT
New Republic Books Editor
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston)
MARC GRANETZ
Films STANLEY KAUFFMANN — *Theater* ROBERT BRUSTEIN
Poetry Editor
ROBERT PINSKY
Contributing Editors
ABRAHAM BRUMBERG
ROBERT COLES HENRY FAIRLIE
JOSEPH FEATHERSTONE PAUL FUSSELL
JOHN KEEGAN MICHAEL KINSLEY
BOB KUTTNER R.W.B. LEWIS
NATHAN LEWIN MARK CRISPIN MILLER
JOYCE CAROL OATES WILLIAM J. QUIRK
ROBERT B. REICH PAUL ROBINSON
MAGGIE SCARF RONALD STEEL RICHARD L. STROUT
ANNE TYLER NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN
MICHAEL WALZER C. VANN WOODWARD
Staff Writers
JASON DEPARLE LAURENCE GRAFSTEIN
Assistant to the Editors
KAROLE BRAUNSTEIN
Production Manager
LORI STARRS
Assistant Production Manager
MARGERY MERTINS
Production Associate
PATRICIA A. HOPPER
Reporter-Researchers
ROBERT K. GORDON, JOHN MCQUAID

Publisher
JAMES K. GLASSMAN
Controller
J. KRISTINE KLASMAN
Circulation Director
REED PHILLIPS
Advertising Manager
JOAN M. STAPLETON
Circulation Manager
JEFFREY S. POORMAN
Circulation Fulfillment Manager
WINTER THOMASON
Assistant to the Publisher
CAROLYN WINSTON
Assistant to the Controller
LIVIA ARNAIZ
Accounting Assistant
PATRICIA A. KELLEY
Classified Advertising Manager
THERESA MILLER
Leadership Network Advertising
ROBERT E. SENNOTT JR.
Advertising/Production Assistant
HILARY KANTER
Back Issues and Reception
CATHIE E. STALLINGS

4 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... An exchange on neoliberalism.

6 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... RULES OF THUMB

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... HOW STRAIT THE GATE
Watergate it ain't, but the briefing book brouhaha is evidence of moral coarseness in the Reagan camp.
SYRIAN LEBANON
Why Secretary Shultz came home empty-handed.
NOTEBOOK

11 **JAMES NORTH** ..... UNION DUES
In South Africa, a growing proportion of the black work force is organized. Like Poland's Solidarity, the new black unions perforce must be 'political.'

14 **ROBERT BAZELL** ..... THE HISTORY OF AN EPIDEMIC
Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome is the worst public health emergency since polio was controlled. A report on the development of a killer disease.

16 **JOHN MCQUAID** ..... FIRST AIDS
AIDS has galvanized gay political organizing.

18 **CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER** ..... THE POLITICS OF A PLAGUE
AIDS is more than a disease; it is an opportunity. A look at how politicians, preachers, and the press turned a public health crisis into a moral circus.

22 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: HOLDING UP
A gentleman bandit, a marvelous film: *The Grey Fox*.

23 **ROBERT BRUSTEIN** ..... ON THEATER: THEATER WITH A PUBLIC DIMENSION
Private obsessions in Richard Foreman's *Egyptology*, politics and metaphysics in three from Beckett.

26 **ALFRED KAZIN** ..... THE FASCINATION OF HENRY ADAMS
The Letters of Henry Adams
edited by J. C. Levenson, Ernest Samuels, Charles Vandersee, and Viola Hopkins Winner
Descent from Glory by Paul C. Nagel
The Education of Mrs. Henry Adams
by Eugenia Kaledin

29 **FRED I. GREENSTEIN** ..... A JOURNALIST'S VENDETTA
The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House
by Seymour M. Hersh

32 **LEON WIESELTIER** ..... THE REAL AND THE REVEALED
The Witness of Poetry by Czeslaw Milosz

34 **TOM BETHELL** ..... A CHALLENGE TO MATERIALISM
Report on the Shroud of Turin by John H. Heller

37 **ANN HULBERT** ..... CRUELTY BEGINS AT HOME
For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence by Alice Miller

42 **DALLAS DIARIST** ..... LAS COLINAS

COVER painting by Harry Pincus for THE NEW REPUBLIC.

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Volume 189, Number 5, Issue 3,576, August 1, 1983. (Printed on July 13, 1983.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated January 10 & 17, July 18 & 25, August 15 & 22, and September 19 & 26) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. Advertising (202) 331-9787. Leadership Network advertising (212) 684-5500. Yearly subscriptions: $45; foreign, $67; Canada, $55. Back issues, $2.00 (includes postage & handling).

© 1983 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide and Media Review Digest. Available on microfilm from University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Subscribers:** Please send all remittances, changes of address, and inquiries about subscriptions and undelivered copies to **Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 955, Farmingdale, NY 11737.** For subscription problems call **800-645-9559** (N.Y. state residents 800-732-9119).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

TAKING NEOLIBERTIES

To the editors:

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is astonishingly uninformed about the neoliberalism for which he presumed to write a requiem ("Requiem for Neoliberalism," TNR, June 6). He thinks its birth was a response to the 1980 election results. In fact, its central themes had begun to emerge in *The Washington Monthly* over ten years ago. Many of them have found expression in THE NEW REPUBLIC.

But Mr. Schlesinger's historical ignorance is less important than his misrepresentation—as in his discussion of my "A Neoliberal's Manifesto"—of what the movement stands for today. In the manifesto I say that neoliberals are not automatically against business or in favor of unions. To the old liberals, this could only mean that we must be automatically pro-business and anti-union. And that is just what Arthur Schlesinger concludes as he describes neoliberalism as "a program of all power to the entrepreneur," "opposing unions," and "favoring big business."

To reach that conclusion he must have ignored our support for labor against management on matters of health and safety, our opposition to businesses that emphasize short-term profit as against long-term growth, our ridicule of executives who take high salaries when their companies are in trouble, and our scorn for the politics of selfishness, whether practiced by the corporations or the unions.

Mr. Schlesinger also manages to translate my statement that neoliberals are not automatically in favor of big government into "a repudiation of the whole concept of affirmative government." But then he points out that we favor a rebirth of the W.P.A. to rebuild the nation's infrastructure. How, one wonders, can we oppose affirmative government and support a W.P.A.?

What disappointed me the most was Mr. Schlesinger's failure to understand the combination of pragmatism and idealism that is the essence of the neoliberal movement. On income maintenance programs, for example, many of us favor combining them all—including Social Security, welfare, and unemployment compensation—into one insurance program against need. We would give more help to the poor, but would stop wasting money on Social Security for my Aunt Alice, who uses it to go to Paris, and on unemployment compensation for your brother-in-law, who uses it to finance a Florida vacation. Similarly, we support merit pay in the public schools to encourage the good teachers to stay and the bad teachers to leave, because we believe that social justice demands a radical improvement in the education available to the poor. But the old liberal, just as he supports giving money to my Aunt Alice and your brother-in-law without regard to need, advocates giving across-the-board raises to teachers without regard to merit. In so doing, he only perpetuates a system that fails those who need help the most.

If you find these ideas interesting, I'd be glad to send a copy of "A Neoliberal's Manifesto." Please write me at *The Washington Monthly*, 2712 Ontario Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

CHARLES PETERS
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

I must beg to differ with Arthur Schlesinger Jr. Far from being mere "neoliberal nonsense," neoliberalism is in fact a refreshing and valuable innovation, another step in the continuing positive evolution of liberalism. As he admits, neoliberalism is constructive, particularly in its recognition that traditional liberalism cannot solve all of today's crises. The difficulty is that while they have done well at criticizing, neoliberals have yet to succeed in coming up with practical, nonrhetorical solutions.

This is no reason to applaud its recent disfavor. We need not merely turn back to what has recently failed, as Mr. Schlesinger seems to desire. Neoliberalism is not incompatible with traditional liberal values, even that of "affirmative government." To recognize failures in government is not to disown it: neoliberalism is not libertarianism. Rather, it should be viewed as a new attempt to achieve liberal goals by different, more workable means. If traditional liberalism is left to fail, the damage to the progressive movement could be severe and irreparable. Neoliberalism's pragmatic progressivism aims to redeem liberalism, not destroy it.

DAN L. BAGATELL
Phoenix, Arizona

To the editors:

One of the most appealing traits of neoliberal ideology is its open-mindedness, a characteristic Mr. Schlesinger concedes to Gary Hart but denies to the movement as a whole. Here, like many "traditional" liberals, Mr. Schlesinger distorts neoliberal positions to capitalize on trad-lib fears and exemplify the "if they're not totally for us, they must be against us" philosophy at its worst.

Mr. Schlesinger portrays the role of government as an all-or-nothing proposition and ends up confusing liberal means with liberal ends. Ultimate liberal ends, such as "social justice" and "equality of opportunity," are accomplished through a variety of means, including government programs. Neoliberals recognize the potential of government at the same time they see its flaws.

Questioning traditional methods, acknowledging government's imperfections, and gaining a more open-minded perspective even on liberals' most cherished beliefs: these are all major goals of neoliberalism. Thus, despite its title, "Requiem for Neoliberalism" offers positive proof of the movement's growing influence. As much as he hates to admit it, the moment Schlesinger calls for a government that is "chastened and reformed by stringent review of the excesses and errors of the last fifty years," he is talking like a neoliberal.

MICAH MARTY
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Schlesinger replies:

I am sorry that my appeal to adjourn the sterile argument between liberalism and neoliberalism should have fallen on such deaf ears. My description of neoliberalism as a creed opposing big government and favoring business was expressly offered as a "caricature"; but I guess irony is wasted on the neoliberal copyright holders. Charles Peters seems to think that I didn't notice the contradiction between his dismissal of government and his call for a new W.P.A.; but that contradiction was of course precisely my point—again irony wasted. On the other hand, my neoliberal correspondents repeat without irony their own caricature of liberalism as implying a belief in the infallibility of government—a position no liberal I know has ever taken. Cool off, gentlemen, and read my piece again in a calmer mood.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The more things change . . .

. . . the more the basic philosophy of The New Republic stays the same. Written more than 60 years ago, the question and answer dialogue that follows is as true today as it was then. Which is why our readers stay with us week in and week out, year after year.

1. *What is The New Republic?*
It is a journal of critical comment on current affairs.

2. *What does it look like?*
It is an all-type magazine, without fiction or illustrations, printed in large clear type (about 32 pages), with articles and editorials short and to the point.[1]

3. *Who writes The New Republic?*
The editorials, which come first, are written by the staff. The general articles that follow, by anyone who thinks what he has to say will suit The New Republic, and whose opinion on this point proves to be correct.

4. *What is The New Republic driving at?*
It is trying to give pain by making its readers think for themselves. It would succeed in giving more pain if thinking for themselves were not already a habit with most of its readers.

5. *To what end?*
To the end that America may become in fact what America stands for in ideal—to the end, that is, of bringing democracy nearer. In an ideal democracy everybody will do his or her own thinking.

6. *It believes in Democracy then?*
Yes, with a small d. It believes that the democratic principle, the principle of cooperative self-government, is a good principle to extend to every field and phase of human activity—to government itself, as well as to industry.

7. *Does one have to agree with it to enjoy it?*
That depends. People who read to be agreed with, to have their fur stroked, their prejudices or convictions confirmed, don't like The New Republic.

8. *Who are its editors and contributors?*
There are six editors: Herbert Croly, Francis Hackett, Alvin Johnson, Walter Lippmann, Philip Littell and Charles Merz. The contributors are too numerous to mention here. Among them are, John Dewey, H. G. Wells, Norman Hapgood, Morris R. Cohen, Harold Laski, Sidney Webb, Robert Bruère, William Hard, H. N. Brailsford, etc.[2]

9. *How does it differ from its contemporaries?*
Chiefly in method. It tries to convince its readers' minds. It tries to avoid appeals to their prejudices. It examines their preconceptions and its own. It believes everybody should earn his opinions.

10. *How does this method work in practice?*
Minds that don't like being disturbed stop reading The New Republic. Minds with an edge accept its challenge, cross swords, and take out of the conflict not the opinions they went in with, often not The New Republic's opinions, but something which is at least solidly made, finely tempered, and—their own.[3]

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A weekly journal of opinion since 1914

[1]Today we're at least 48 pages every issue, and our cover illustrations (and Vint Lawrence's inside drawings) are widely known for their hard-hitting trenchancy.
[2]Still too numerous to mention, but how about Irving Howe, Theodore Draper, Arthur Schlesinger, Henry Fairlie, Edward Jay Epstein, Alfred Kazin, Anne Tyler, Robert B. Reich, Gail Godwin . . . etc.?
[3]No change here—which may be the best reason of all to read TNR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB®

FROM WASHINGTON

RULES OF THUMB

The measure—at least as of now—of the failure of the "pilfering" of Carter campaign material to become a big national story is that there isn't even agreement on a name for it. "Debategate" has been tried, but it doesn't sing. "Briefinggate" has the problem of the double "g" (in type it looks like Danish, or maybe Afrikaans), and nothing else has really caught on. If only some really salty vilification could be found in a missing memo, the affair could be called Billingsgate; but that may be too much to hope for.

But until something surfaces beyond what is so far acknowledged—that the Reagan forces had a lot of President Carter's briefing material prior to the 1980 televised "debate," the news media are alternating daily between new memoranda allegedly leaked to the other side, and what are called, in the trade, "thumbsuckers." These are speculative analyses, usually compiled from the recollections of past and present campaign types. Here, then, from the Thumbsuckers and while you wait for something a bit more substantial, are some rules of, well, thumb:

(1.) If anybody in a campaign refers to anybody else, particularly in writing, as a "mole," the reference is almost certainly a mocking one. The term is fictional, first given wide currency by John Le Carré in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, and the uses of the word to describe a spy have always had a strong overlay of irony. Real spies would be called something else, and there would almost certainly be no reference to them in writing.

(2.) "You Can't Fire a Volunteer" is a motto that might well be stitched and framed and hung on the wall of every campaign official's office. Volunteers are valuable for a variety of tasks—either spur-of-the-moment (as in driving somebody somewhere to pick something up) or simple and repetitive (as in transferring lists of names to tape, usually inaccurately). But volunteers cannot be disciplined, demoted, or fired, and for the most part must be humored and coddled—they are often friends or relatives of important supporters, or even contributors. But they are rarely taken seriously, and they are almost the only people in a campaign who send memoranda. Thus, a volunteer who purports, in a written memo to a campaign manager, to know a "mole" in the other campaign, will be humored at best and the information ignored as soon as the volunteer is out of earshot.

(3.) Memos are hardly the stuff of campaigns, anyway. A campaign organization is no place for M.B.A.s or organization charts. There are never enough people to type anything, and the idea that a memo would find its way up the chain of command in time to have any impact is absurd. If someone in a campaign wants to communicate with someone else, a telephone call or a personal visit will do the job, and nothing else will. Even the mail is faster than routing a memo around a campaign headquarters. Volunteers send memos, but they don't get read.

(4.) The political season—election year—is a great time for "rainmaking," and campaigns are a great target for rainmakers. This is an activity much prized in Washington, defined generally as selling information otherwise available free. The classic rainmaker is the consultant who borrows your watch to tell you the time, and in a campaign—as we have seen—it is a volunteer who offers you, in writing, the travel schedule of the other side—three days after it has been made public and given to the press. The "rain" can also be a collection of the opponent's views on the economy, compiled from the public record.

(5.) There are many more documents in a campaign than there are people available to read them. It is always considered important for a candidate to be dealing with "the issues," in other words, that there be talk about what there has been talk about during an entire career. The result is that whole teams of experts on tax policy, Latin America, encrypted telemetry, the Law of the Sea, and postindustrialism are assembled. The real purpose of these teams is to make it *seem* as though the candidate is informed about "the issues," which is almost invariably true; it's positions on "the issues" that create a Presidential candidacy in the first place—the only question is, what issues?

Another purpose for the assembled "issues" teams is to make use of their names. Within the intellectual community it helps get other experts, and after election it might even help staff an Administration. And, of course, it makes a candidate look "serious." There was a time when we expected public people to have their own thoughtful ideas about public policy; now they are suspect if those ideas don't come from an expert consensus of outsiders.

Whatever the reason for creating the "issues" teams, they generate a lot of paper. Drafts, position papers, "instant response capability"—it all has to be proofread, collated, stapled, and delivered to the press (good work for volunteers). After that, it's all available to be passed around, and some of it looks official enough to be worth something.

(6.) No Presidential "debate" is ever decided on "the issues," and no amount of espionage—no number of moles—could influence what really decides those joint TV Q&As with reporters. No mole told Richard Nixon to look unshaven and ill at ease, and surely no pilfered documents gave Gerald Ford the notion that Poland was free of Soviet domination. And when Ronald Reagan looked up at Jimmy Carter in 1980, after some accusation or other, and said in a friendly but scoffing manner, "There you go again," the campaign was, for all practical purposes, over. *That* would have happened if neither candidate had campaigned, let alone been briefed for a debate. It's called "atmospherics" now, and you can't collate it, staple it, bottle it—or, more to the point, steal it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC
AUGUST 1, 1983

HOW STRAIT THE GATE

Q. The ethical question?
A. What?
Q. The ethical question, sir.
A. The ethical question?

—President Reagan's news conference, June 28.

Yes, the ethical question. It's the one Mr. Reagan did not wish to answer at his news conference, though the reporters gave him a half-dozen chances to do so. Was it ethical—was it right—for Mr. Reagan's political handlers to have received, and to have employed in rehearsing their candidate for the 1980 televised campaign debate, a secret cache of "useful" (David Stockman's word) documents that had been prepared for the eyes of Mr. Reagan's opponent in that debate?

The ethical question is the most important one raised by the "Debategate" brouhaha, and it is also the easiest to answer, at least for those outside the Administration: plainly, the use of these documents was wrong. No one can seriously argue otherwise. There are other questions, though, and they too must be answered.

There is a legal question, in which Mr. Reagan and some of his men have taken refuge: the F.B.I. is on the case, so there's no need for further comment. It is good that Mr. Reagan has instructed his assistants to cooperate with the various investigations that are going on; it would be better if he would do something to ensure that those investigations will be thorough and untainted by political caution. There is room for doubt on this score. For example, the most important probable source of documentary evidence in the case, the Reagan campaign archives at the Hoover Institution, has not been secured, and the task of selecting the relevant papers has been left to an office worker who has been with Mr. Reagan since his first term in Sacramento. In any event, it is never easy for an Administration to investigate itself, and this Administration, which would have preferred merely to have "monitored" the case, has shown little stomach for the sort of investigation that is needed. The special prosecutor law was written for precisely this sort of situation. Mr. Reagan ought to instruct his Attorney General to appoint a special prosecutor forthwith; until that is done, there will be reason to be skeptical about the Administration's (and the President's) willingness "to get to the bottom of this."

There is what might be called a national security question. Richard Allen, who later became President Reagan's national security adviser, now claims that during the campaign he regularly received confidential staff reports or parts of staff reports prepared for Zbigniew Brzezinski, who ran President Carter's N.S.C. Mr. Brzezinski thinks a serious breach of security may have been committed. And there is the curious and rather chilling business of the network of retired military officers through which the Reagan campaign, presumably worried about a sudden move to free the American hostages in Iran, kept track of military ship and aircraft movements—the classic targets of foreign espionage. All of this bears looking into. But investigators, especially congressional Democratic investigators, should resist the temptation to indulge in bogus indignation about how the national security has been damaged. Such indignation is rarely rooted in the facts, and it does not gain merit simply by being directed against Republicans.

There is also, and incidentally, what might be called a George Will question. The inconsistencies in the stories told by James Baker and William Casey—Mr. Baker says

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Casey gave him the briefing book, which Mr. Casey says he wouldn't have touched with a ten-foot pole—may eventually oblige one or both of them to return to private life, but the one person who has been most embarrassed by Debategate is already in private life. George Will helped David Stockman help Mr. Reagan rehearse for the debate at Wexford, the candidate's rented farm in Virginia. For this Mr. Will has been criticized, and for this he has defended himself vigorously. He argues, in our view rightly, that as a purveyor of opinion he ought to be subject to different rules than he would be if he were a straight news reporter. A far weaker part of his defense is his contention that the rehearsal was useless (because Mr. Reagan already knew what he wanted to say). The implication is that if the rehearsal had been useful, then Mr. Will's conscience would have forbidden him to participate. But of course that is absurd. Mr. Will was there in the first place because he wanted Mr. Reagan to win the election.

Mr. Will did make a couple of moral mistakes, though helping coach the candidate was not one of them. First, appearing on ABC's "Nightline" the night of the debate, Mr. Will was one of the commentators who awarded the "victory" to Mr. Reagan; he posed as a referee without ever making it clear that he had been one of the seconds. Second, he knew about the purloined briefing books; his supposed friend, David Stockman, had compromised him by showing them off to him. Mr. Will said nothing about this on "Nightline"; nor did he write about it. Why? Was it because "there are times when a writer is allowed access to things that the writer should not turn into materials for his writings"? No, that was his reason for not writing about the rehearsal itself. He did not write about the briefing books "because their origin was unknown and their importance was nil." David Stockman disagrees about the books' importance (and on this point Mr. Will churlishly accuses his friend of lying in order to appear honest). And if the origin of the books was unknown—as it was, and is—all the more reason for Mr. Will to have written about them, or, at the very least, to have tipped off one of his reporter colleagues to the story. Whatever the condition of his ethical compass, where was George's nose for news?

On the larger issue of the briefing books the ethical question remains, and it will not be answered by prosecutorial decisions to indict or not to indict. Much obfuscation has surrounded the ethical question. It has been argued at various times that the briefing book did not exist ("Frankly, I don't think there ever was a briefing book as such"—President Reagan); that it existed but was uninteresting ("It was excruciatingly boring"—George Will); and that it didn't make any difference ("Briefing book or no briefing book, our candidate was extremely unpopular in the last election"—Speaker O'Neill). But of course the book did exist, it was deeply interesting to David Stockman, and a good argument can be made that it did make a difference, if not *the* difference. The Carter-Reagan debate was by far the most important campaign event of 1980—less important than the hostage crisis or the economy, of course, but more important than anything else that was under the direct control of the candidates and their organizations. Therefore the debate briefing books were arguably the most important documents of the campaign. Mr. Stockman has testified to their value to him in prepping Mr. Reagan; and there is no question that Mr. Reagan, who is not always impressive in unscripted situations, was unusually confident and effective that night. But whether or not the books made a difference to Mr. Stockman and Mr. Reagan, it certainly would have made a difference if the public had known that the Reagan camp had them—not enough of a difference to have deprived Mr. Reagan of his victory at the polls, but enough, perhaps, to have deprived him of his landslide.

It is still unknown if the Carter documents came into the Reagan camp unbidden or if they were solicited. Many people believe that the answer to the ethical question turns on this particular detail—apparently including the President himself, who asked rhetorically at his press conference, "Is it stolen if someone hands it to you, if some disgruntled individual hands it to another counterpart in a campaign organization?" Our guess (and it is only a guess) is that the provenance of the briefing books will turn out to have been ambiguous—that the material came over the transom in the first instance, but that the source was encouraged to keep it coming. We also think that the importance of this detail can be overestimated. The Reagan campaign cheated on its exams, whether it found the crib sheet on the floor or brought it into the exam room itself.

PERHAPS the most common reply to the ethical complaint has been, in the words of Larry Speakes, the President's spokesman, that "it's the way politics works." Everybody, in other words, does it. Is that true? Is politics in America really a cheaters' game? (And, by the way, isn't this the Administration that was going to put a stop to the reflexive denigration of American institutions?)

There is plenty of evidence for the old pol's adage that politics ain't beanbag. There are hundreds of examples. Consider the diary of one Baron Roorback, which surfaced just before the election of 1844. This diary, published in a number of Whig papers, had a vivid description of the Democratic candidate, James K. Polk, buying and branding forty-three slaves—a fiction, of course. (The term "roorback" is still occasionally used to mean an untruthful smear.) By 1888 methods had grown subtler. To capture the Irish vote for his party, a Republican posing as a recent English immigrant wrote to the British ambassador to the United States, Sir Lionel Sackville-West, asking whom to vote for. Sir Lionel's response—that the Democrat, President Cleveland, would serve British interests best—was energetically circulated among Irish voters, swinging them, and the election, to Benjamin Harrison. And so on into our own time: in 1952 supporters of Adlai Stevenson distributed pamphlets on election eve claiming that General Eisenhower had suddenly died. In 1964 Lyndon Johnson used the F.B.I. to keep himself informed of the activities of Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., and the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mississippi Freedom Democrats. And in 1962 Richard Nixon's nemesis, Dick Tuck, arranged for a smiling Mr. Nixon to pose for photographers in Chinatown under a banner exclaiming "Welcome Nixon" in English, and, in Chinese script below, "What about the Hughes loan?"—the same question he had managed to slip inside the diners' fortune cookies. Ten years later Mr. Tuck arranged for a group of pregnant women to picket the Republican convention with signs bearing the President's campaign slogan: "Nixon's the One." For the most part, Tuckish pranks were funnier than they were nasty. Indeed, Mr. Tuck seemed possessed of an intuitive sense of where to draw the line. When a zealous worker on the 1972 McGovern campaign suggested cutting Ed Muskie's phone lines, Mr. Tuck issued a sharp reprimand.

One who did not know where to draw the line in 1972 was Donald Segretti, CREEP's chief trickster. Mr. Segretti once ordered two hundred pizzas to arrive, C.O.D., at a Democratic dinner. Less amusingly, he distributed phony "Citizens for Muskie" literature which charged Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey with illicit sexual activity. Other Republican tricksters arranged for a "Harlem for Muskie Committee" to make late-night phone calls to New Hampshire voters as the primary approached. And CREEP officials also hired a "mole," who infiltrated the Muskie campaign, and passed along memos, itineraries, and speech drafts. The apotheosis of this mentality, of course, was the breaking and entering at the D.N.C.

Yet this sort of thing has been rarer since Watergate, and the surprise about American politics is that it's actually rather clean. There is a kind of informal code of the political battlefield, the product of the experience of many campaigns. What, exactly, *does* "everyone" do? Well, all campaigns conduct negative research, which means probing the opponent's public statements and past record for weak spots. All campaigns talk to reporters and other political bystanders to learn what they can about the opponent. And it is regarded as permissible to send a kid over to the other guy's headquarters to pick up handouts, brochures, and press releases, even if the kid pretends to be from his college paper. But tales of spies and tricksters are strikingly rare (though even one goes a long way toward coloring public perceptions). Experienced campaign managers and political reporters agree that the public thinks campaign ethics are worse than they actually are; campaign managers all have stories about having to dismiss volunteers who thought that ripping down posters and heckling the opponent was standard practice. And there is the inspirational example of Terry Bracy, of Morris Udall's 1976 campaign, who, when a disgruntled Jimmy Carter campaign worker turned up with xeroxes of Hamilton Jordan's files, sent them back unread.

Everyone does *not* do it. It was wrong for the Reagan campaign to use cheating methods in the context of an event so central to the democratic process as the campaign debate. And it is shameful for the Reagan Administration to exploit—and augment—the corrosive and not entirely warranted public cynicism that surrounds our politics.

SYRIAN LEBANON

George Shultz has returned from Damascus empty-handed. The Syrians are still in Lebanon; they have no intention of going home, perhaps because by their lights they are already home. The Syrians, and not just the present Syrian regime, have always viewed a large hunk of Lebanon as a province of Syria awaiting reunion with the motherland—"Palestine" being another such severed part of the whole. Syria never even recognized the independence of Lebanon; these two member countries of the Arab League, moreover, did not exchange ambassadors and certainly not because Beirut was reluctant.

Syria's takeover of nearly all of Lebanon, arranged by two Arab summits at Riyadh and Cairo in October 1976, may have been the most easily achieved military occupation in history. To be sure, the scope of Lebanese territory now ruled by Syrian troops—its "peacekeeping forces" in Middle East newspeak—has been significantly reduced by the Israeli invasion. So much more precious, then, is the remainder to the dream of a greater Syria—the dream that, along with a brutal secret police, may be all that keeps President Assad's Ba'ath "socialist" revolution and minority Alawite government from being overthrown.

One obvious explanation for the Syrian-bolstered P.L.O. rebellion against Yasir Arafat is that Mr. Assad wants to make sure that Syria's stronghold in Lebanon—in which there are still some ten to fifteen thousand P.L.O. troops—will serve only Syrian goals, not wild-card Palestinian ambitions. And if Syria is willing to abet the fragmentation of the P.L.O. in order to strengthen its position inside Lebanon, no one should be surprised that the Syrians have not been eager to withdraw at the behest of Mr. Shultz.

Their presence is not without its dangers, of course. There is one spot where Israeli artillery is poised just fifteen miles from Damascus. Even with the ample Soviet resupply of the Syrian air and ground arsenal, depleted by the Israelis last year, Syria's forces are stretched very thin. In addition to facing the Israelis on two fronts (in the Bekaa valley and on the Golan Heights), the Syrian army must always be ready to deal with possible trouble from Iraq, and with such potentially contagious eruptions from below as the one at Hama, which early in 1982 was put down by a merciless government assault that killed perhaps fifteen thousand undefended people.

Because of a ceasefire imposed by the United States, and because of the casualties it would have cost, Israel did not push the Syrians out of the Bekaa valley in last June's fighting, though that objective was fully within Jerusalem's grasp. Still, the war's immediate outcome was to create stunning political advantages for both Israeli and American interests—advantages that Washington quickly and relentlessly forfeited. The assassination of Bashir Gemayel, perhaps by Syrians or their agents, emboldened the State Department to revert to its reflex of placating the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

implacable in the Arab world. The United States held just about all the cards in Lebanon. But with the Syrians and the Soviets still reeling, with the Moslem allies of the P.L.O. frantically maneuvering to arrive at some modus vivendi with the new rulers in Beirut, the United States proceeded to fold its hand. Against its own ideological inclinations everywhere else in the world, the Reagan Administration seemed to believe that conciliating all the factions of the old (volatile and chaotic) Lebanon was a strategy for reconstructing the new (unified and stable) Lebanon. Pressing the Lebanese to embark on a clear path of peace with the Israelis, as the Egyptians had done, would have been the clearest possible sign of U.S. support for a strong, independent, and neutral government in Beirut. By doing precisely the opposite, we signaled the Lebanese factions that they might, with our indulgence, continue to do business as usual—violent and anarchic business. We did this by complaining about Israel's "excessive" demands in Lebanon and by casting doubt on its ultimate intentions there, making it seem as if Israel—not Syria or the P.L.O.—was the obstacle to a Lebanon free of foreign troops. Mr. Reagan was instructed to suggest that maybe the Israelis wanted to stay rather than leave after all.

PRESIDENT ASSAD had the pleasure of seeing Washington squeeze its ally while wholly misunderstanding his own plans. The Syrians used the time and the leeway given them by the U.S. fixation on Israel's intentions to consolidate their own position and to install provocatively advanced missiles. At the same time, the State Department—and an ever credulous press, too—was putting out the reassuring story that the Syrians were quite willing, if not actually eager, to depart from Lebanon. All that was preventing a concrete demonstration of Syria's desire to repatriate its troops was an agreement on Israel's willingness to do so.

This agreement between Israel, Lebanon, and the United States came in late spring. The Saudis were for it, we were told; so we had another index of their influence over a regime they fed. What we had to wait for next, we were then told, was the approval of the Lebanese parliament ("The Syrians were invited in, they had to be invited out")—which duly came, and by a far larger margin than the accord's well-wishers had dared hope. To no avail. The Syrians now claim that the Lebanese-Israeli pact violates Lebanon's sovereignty—an odd claim for an occupier. In any case, their sojourn is not about to end in the forseeable future; they won't even negotiate with Beirut on the matter. This is mightily embarrassing to Philip Habib, to his boss George Shultz, and also to *his* boss, Ronald Reagan, who has no foreign policy successes to point to. Each of these men had been confident that in the end Syria would not be an impediment to the mutual withdrawal of all foreign troops from hapless Lebanon. Once again they overestimated the Arab (and Saudi) will for peace.

There are always folk willing to blame Israel for any hitch that develops in plans laid by Washington—even a few who, given the choice between Israel and President Assad, will always side with Mr. Assad. (He is Jimmy Carter's favorite Middle Eastern politician, for example.) So some people are now saying that Syria can't agree to the withdrawal of its troops because the Lebanese agreement with Israel ceded the Israelis too much. This view contradicts the view—held by the identical people, by the way—that the Israelis won almost nothing from their war in Lebanon, which makes that war in their eyes both useless and immoral. No matter: the Israelis were then asked to save Mr. Habib's analysis by accepting, not a phased mutual withdrawal of all foreign troops, as provided in the accord with Beirut, but a unilateral withdrawal, or timetable for one, of Israel's own troops as an inducement to the Syrians to do the same. Would this be meant to shame the Syrians into leaving? When in the Middle East has such a policy worked? Not surprisingly, and not unjustifiably, the Israelis said no—and not because they hadn't tried unilateral withdrawal before. Israel unilaterally withdrew from Lebanon in 1978 after the Litani operations, only to have the U.N. troops who'd been sent into the vacuum serve as cover for the massive P.L.O. buildup in the south, while the Syrians went on making over eastern Lebanon into a domain of Damascus. Prime Minister Begin, who made the first mistake, won't make the same one again.

A nice man Secretary Shultz may be, but a strategist he is not. After a few weeks of frustration with Syria's response to the precedent-breaking Israeli-Lebanese accord presuming mutual withdrawal, the United States was willing to welch on that main tenet of the compact. But predictably it couldn't win Israel's assent to the betrayal. So Mr. Shultz went off to Damascus with the implicit message for Mr. Assad that under pressure of his stubbornness we were willing to do his bidding but couldn't persuade the Israelis to do the same. How could Mr. Shultz have come back from Damascus any way but empty-handed? Indeed, his trip must rank as one of the most abject diplomatic assignations in memory. (An American official told *The New York Times* that the trip was needed "to show that we care," as if we are talking about the United Way, not the United States.)

THE ISRAELIS have been contemplating, off and on, a small withdrawal of their own. They call it a redeployment of troops from the Beirut-Damascus highway and the Shouf Mountains south to the Alawi River. This proposed withdrawal has caused near apoplexy in both Washington and Beirut—Moslem Beirut included—where people can afford the luxury of clamoring for a total Israeli unilateral withdrawal from Lebanon because they know it won't happen whatever they say. This is the routinized forked tongue in Arab politics. (The Israeli Labor Party's cynical exploitation of the continued casualties as a rationale for a policy it would never itself put into effect is rather similar: in the Knesset, Labor voted against the Lebanon agreement because it didn't win Israel enough.) Since a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partial Israeli withdrawal to more defensible lines—lines which don't embroil Israel in the antique quarrels of sects and factions—is more plausible, there has been great resistance to it from the United States and the Lebanese. The new lines would coincide roughly with the twenty-five mile security zone, the crossing of which became a fetish of Israel's critics during the Lebanese war. Now, however, the critics would rather have the Israeli army in the environs of Beirut than below Sidon.

The face-saving justification for these logically inconsistent views is that a partial withdrawal by Israel to more secure lines might be an incentive for the Israelis to accede to a de facto partition of Lebanon. The truth is that if Lebanon has been partitioned, it is Syria—with broad Arab connivance—which did the partitioning seven years ago. If Syria were now to go, does anyone really doubt that Israel would go too?

THERE ARE real objections to a partial Israeli withdrawal. The first is that the Lebanese army, which the official analysts say is ready to enforce order in all of southern Lebanon, is in fact woefully unprepared to keep the peace even in the small salient which Israel might now like to leave. At worst, these Lebanese troops might make themselves accomplices to the battles of unsated revenge left over from the civil war and the harsh P.L.O. occupation. The truth is that the Israelis are now the only reliable protectors for the Palestinians in the camps, and that's exactly how the Palestinians and their would-be tormentors see it as well. At the same time, a partial Israeli withdrawal, to say nothing of a full one, would be just this side of a formal invitation to the Syrians, who still have fifty thousand troops in Lebanon, to extend their sway further, and to the P.L.O. to regroup as best it can. None of this would be welcome. Are American Marines prepared to take the losses which the leftist militias and scattered P.L.O. remnants will inevitably inflict? No one even pretends that they are, or that our body politic wants the Marines to be prepared for any such inevitabilities.

It might have been different in Lebanon had the United States not lost its nerve last fall, equivocating and accommodating to no useful end. It might yet be different if Israel and the United States unflinchingly tell the Syrians that, because they have taken responsibility for the east and north of Lebanon and are now taking responsibility for what's left of the P.L.O., they will be held responsible for any further destabilization and conflict that originates from their orbit. They are not likely to want to be touched up again; and the Russians won't want them to be either, having squandered too many arms and military secrets on Damascus already. If the Syrians are confronted with this realistic consequence of their truculence, some mutual phased withdrawal from Lebanon may just yet be possible. A policy that panders to Mr. Assad will mean, alas, the end of Lebanon—an end, too, to the experiment in pluralism which it once promised and which Israel had revived. It is a policy that understands neither Lebanon nor Syria.

NOTEBOOK

□ IT APPEARS that General Jaruzelski was getting nervous even before the arrival of the Pope, the British magazine *Private Eye* reports. At an exhibition commemorating the Warsaw Ghetto uprising, the general had occasion to sign the visitors' book. Beneath his signature he impulsively jotted down what was in his heart: "The courage and heroism of the Warsaw Uprising resulted in the creation of the Polish People's Republic. May such a tragedy never happen again."

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The task of poetry is the constant rediscovery of the permanent nature of man. Propagandist art exhibits that side of his nature in which he is most interested at the moment; it is a temporary oversimplification of the human predicament; it leaves the total context of that predicament unexplored. The revolutionary art of our time, as of all times, is an escape from reality. It is a rationalization of the present in terms of a future action that no one can possibly know anything about. We get neither art nor politics; we get heresy. The modes of art and politics have always, as now, been mixed; but no other age seems to have lost as completely as we have lost it, the distinction of principle between the two modes." ("Poetry and Politics," by Allen Tate, August 2, 1933.)

Solidarity comes to South Africa.

UNION DUES

THOZI GQWETA, the young amateur rugby star turned trade union leader, welcomed me into his spare office in East London, South Africa, a few years ago, flashing a big, enthusiastic smile. He was president of the South African Allied Workers' Union (SAAWU), which with seventy-five thousand members was one of the largest of the new black union groupings that have been conducting successful organizing drives across the nation. Thozi Gqweta talked with the exuberance of a young Walter Reuther as he described how he lurked outside factory gates, handing out leaflets while keeping an eye out for the police, or how he spent hours riding the segregated buses in the port city's industrial areas, perched in the front preaching unionism. With a summarizing flourish, he recited one of the formulations he had undoubtedly used in hundreds of these impromptu talks: "As long as there is work to be done, there will be workers; as long as there are workers, they will be aggrieved; as long as they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have grievances, they will want trade unions to look after their grievances."

The growth in black trade union membership, from a paltry number in the mid-'70s to an estimated three hundred thousand now, has been a signal development in South Africa. In 1982 alone, there were nearly four hundred strikes and work stoppages all over the country, contrasted with a mere seventy or so annually into the early '70s. By 1982, the number of companies that had agreed to recognize black unions had risen from a half-dozen to around two hundred. The apartheid regime, along with its apologists elsewhere, like the Reagan Administration, have cited the upsurge in black unionism as evidence that meaningful reform is under way in South Africa. The regime talks proudly of "a new era," of "a progressive labor program to the benefit of all workers irrespective of race, color, or sex."

AFTER I LEFT the effervescent Thozi Gqweta in mid-1981, the regime moved against him. A mysterious fire killed his mother and his uncle. Police shot into a crowd of SAAWU supporters, killing his fiancée. He was then arrested in the same nationwide crackdown as Dr. Neil Aggett, the white unionist and physician who later died in police custody. Several months later, the police checked Thozi Gqweta into a hospital psychiatric ward under armed guard. His brother, who was allowed to visit, reported that he was almost unrecognizable, suffering from a severe headache, extreme depression and anxiety, difficulty in speaking, a dramatic weight loss, and partial amnesia. It seemed that labor reform in South Africa was a more ambiguous proposition than the regime was suggesting.

There is no denying that there have been significant changes in the regime's attitude toward black unions. And the changes are not merely "cosmetic." But neither are they the work of a benevolent, reforming white elite. They are rather the consequence of several factors: the bravery and skill of union organizers, both black and white; certain changes in the South African economy, and the salutary restraints that world opinion, particularly giant labor federations in Europe and America, have placed on the regime's freedom to maneuver.

Black South African workers have tried for decades to organize themselves into unions. In most cases the unions collapsed, in large measure due to the regime's repression. By the late '60s, the leading activists had been imprisoned or driven into exile, and the factories were sullen but quiet. Then, in 1973, a totally unexpected and spontaneous wave of strikes swept through Durban, the third largest city, involving some one hundred thousand workers. The strikers elected ad hoc committees to represent them in their demands, which were mainly for higher wages.

The regime and many business leaders responded in a surprising fashion. In terms of the existing laws, all the strikes were illegal. The police were called out, but they were uncharacteristically careful not to be provocative. In many cases, businessmen actually negotiated with the strikers, and granted some of their demands. John Vorster, then the prime minister, even generously referred to the black workers as "human beings with souls."

There were very good practical reasons for the large-heartedness of Vorster and the employers. In an immediate sense, the world would not have reacted kindly if the regime opened fire on peaceful workers, particularly on those employed in foreign-owned concerns that were already under growing pressure in their home countries to pull out of South Africa. The somewhat less drastic strategy of hiring strikebreakers from the pool of unemployed was also problematic; black workers had been edging upward into semi-skilled job categories, and could therefore not be replaced overnight.

The more intelligent businessmen, conversant with labor relations in Western Europe and America, realized that unions could even be a positive force for stability. In the early days of the '73 strikes, the owners had scurried about looking for genuine worker representatives to negotiate with. Stable unions could help establish channels of communication that would regulate and help moderate conflict on the factory floor. The lack of communication was particularly acute in the mines, where workers frequently rioted over grievances that were sometimes only misunderstandings. The most farsighted businessmen realized that unions could increase productivity, boost wages, and thereby expand the internal market and reduce the danger of revolutionary change by starting to give black workers some kind of stake in the prevailing system. As one businessman said candidly, "We've got to get the blacks up to their eyeballs in hire purchases (installment buying)."

So the apartheid regime and business community tacitly agreed to take what they regarded as a bold leap in the dark. In 1979 Parliament accepted some of the recommendations of the government-appointed Wiehahn and Riekert Commissions, and approved legislation permitting black unions to function legally. More importantly, the regime informally continued to tolerate union organizing and strikes, almost all of which are still, in a strict technical sense, illegal.

In return, it expects the new unions to "register," which means submitting to the same government controls that already regulate unions for whites, "coloreds" (people of mixed ancestry), and Indians. These unions are enmeshed in a complicated system of business-labor-government relations that has succeeded, as intended, in removing many major issues from the democratic control of the membership. Easily the most significant feature of this conservative system is its ban on any union participation in politics.

It is no secret, though, that "politics" is one of the chief motivations of both the leaders and the members of the new unions. A few, like Oscar Mpetha, the legendary septuagenarian who is presently in prison and seriously ill, and Rita Ndzanga, whose husband, Lawrence, died in detention in 1976, had been politically active before. Oth-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers, younger blacks, were veterans of the 1976 student uprisings, or otherwise active in workplace and community affairs; they had no chance under the apartheid system to participate in politics, so unions represented the only outlet for their energies. Still others were whites, radical university graduates, who started by opening advice offices for workers that then grew into full-fledged unions. In the early '70s it seemed an absurd proposition that whites could ever be in leadership roles in almost totally black unions, but in a few short years their energy and courage had won them enthusiastic support.

None of these sorts of people are the stuff of which moderate, cautious labor bureaucrats are made. The new union organizers have argued quite openly that political apartheid laws will continue to oppress black workers no matter what gains they win at the workplace. The apartheid system, through the apparatus of Bantustans and pass laws, subjugates black workers through their entire lives, regulating where they live and work, forcing them as migrants to stay apart from their families most of the year, and even in some instances dictating what work they can do. Conditions in specific factories are relatively less important. "It takes a thorn to remove a thorn," is a Zulu adage the activists quote repeatedly. "We are forced to engage in 'politics' to counteract the effects of this political system."

BY 1982 there were a half-dozen new labor groupings, with strength in nearly every industrial area in the country. One union was even starting to organize in the gold mines. The fledgling organizations did have some disagreements among them. Thozi Gqweta's SAAWU, for example, argued against registration, claiming that any government control was unacceptable and aroused the suspicion of potential members. The Federation of South African Trade Unions (FOSATU) reasoned that registration was a meaningless accommodation that would allay the regime's fears and enable the unions to continue growing. But the disagreement is more tactical than fundamental. The new unions staged a joint protest after Dr. Aggett's death in February 1982, including a half-hour nationwide stoppage of one hundred thousand workers. They met this April and decided to start moving toward a single federation.

This is not the sort of "new era" the regime had in mind. The security police quickly detained dozens of union leaders without trial; some, like a group at a Ford Motor Company plant, were held for nearly a year. The regime claimed it could prove some of the detainees had illegal ties to SACTU, the labor wing of the underground African National Congress, but it has so far failed to bring them to trial.

Meanwhile, many less enlightened enterprises were resisting union drives in their plants. Some used the old and perfectly legal technique of firing their entire work force and only hiring back the more docile. The large state-owned sector of the economy has been particularly recalcitrant. The railways and harbors commission flatly refuses to even meet with union representatives. In 1980 the Johannesburg authorities used a creative and uniquely South African strikebreaking technique to end a walkout by ten thousand municipal workers; they simply deported the strikers to "their" Bantustans, the fragmented archipelago of territories around the country's periphery which are the only places most blacks have a permanent legal right to live. In the rush, some of the workers were shipped out without their tattered belongings; one of them commented, "Some people will be taken home like cattle, in only their skins."

Many of those active in the new unions expect the regime will eventually try to crush them totally, particularly as the steadily increasing guerrilla war pushes most of the white population even further to the right. The labor activists regard the present period as a kind of parenthesis, a thaw during which they hope to build a spirit of dignity and resistance among workers that the regime's big crackdown, when it comes, will not be able to destroy. Already 5 percent of the black work force belongs to unions; the percentage in the vital manufacturing sector is higher. Several hundred thousand workers are, for the first time in their lives, participating in fiercely democratic organizations: debating tactics, drawing up grievances, electing shop stewards and officials to represent them in negotiations, and then, also for the first time, having the heady experience of seeing their bosses forced to listen and often accede to their demands. That experience will both contribute to the effort to overthrow the apartheid regime, and also ensure that a vigilant, self-confident working class will not be disregarded whatever government eventually comes to power.

The new unionists are willing to risk much for every precious moment of that collective experience. Thozi Gqweta recovered with surprising speed from his early 1982 ordeal in detention, and returned to active duty with his union. But the police continued to detain him repeatedly. Last March he was imprisoned for the eighth time since 1980. A week later he was brought under police guard to testify as a defense witness in an insurrection case. He boldly told the court how he had been tortured during his previous detentions. He said he had been stripped naked, handcuffed, and hung from window bars. He said he had been shocked with electric currents. He said a wet canvas bag was tightened around his neck and he fainted because he was unable to breathe. He named six people who had tortured him. He said all this as security police waited in the courtroom to take him straight back to detention. But this young man—he is thirty, the same age Walter Reuther was during the organizing drives in the auto industry—was not afraid.

JAMES NORTH

James North is the pseudonym of an American who lived in southern Africa for more than four years. He is completing a book about the region that will be published next year by Times Books.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An epidemic of myths and misperceptions.

THE HISTORY OF AN EPIDEMIC

BY ROBERT BAZELL

I STEPPED OFF a plane from Port-au-Prince the other day, and the immigration officer at Kennedy Airport refused to touch my passport. Because I had been to Haiti, he was afraid he might catch AIDS from me.

In *A Distant Mirror*, Barbara Tuchman notes that even though the Black Death of 1348-50 killed one third of the population living between India and Iceland, the disorders of the time could not be attributed to that cause alone. There were many other problems which "existed prior to the Black Death and continued after the period of the plague was over."

The effects of AIDS cannot be understood without considering the preexisting problems of certain groups—not only the homosexuals, drug addicts, hemophiliacs, and Haitians to whom AIDS is a plague, but also the medical research establishment and the mass media. The immigration officer's reaction is part of a hysteria afflicting many people in recent months, especially on the East and West Coasts: AIDS SHOCKER AT BELLEVUE, screams a headline in the *New York Post*. "One thing we do know for sure," shouts Geraldo Rivera, "this dreadful disease has spread well beyond its original bounds." Suddenly a lot of people fear that they and their families might suddenly catch some mysterious, fatal illness which until now has been confined to society's outcasts.

This is indeed a dreadful disease, a horrible epidemic that will kill thousands before it is over. It is certainly the most serious public health emergency in the United States since polio was controlled. The cause is unknown, and there is no cure. But AIDS is not going to kill your grandmother.

In 1981, when the first cases were identified, AIDS had no name. Doctors in New York and San Francisco suddenly saw relatively large numbers of patients with rare diseases—particularly a cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma and pneumonia caused by the bacterium Pneumocystitis carinii. All of the victims were young homosexual men. Doctors quickly learned that the victims were contracting these rare diseases because part of their immune system—certain white blood cells crucial to the body's defense against infection—had been destroyed. It was not until last summer that someone (there is confusion about who) thought of the name Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. Later, when investigators from the federal government's Centers for Disease Control (C.D.C.) searched their records, they realized the disease had first appeared in New York in 1978, and that there had been at least seven cases in 1979.

When the doctors in New York and San Francisco first recognized the syndrome, they contacted the C.D.C. in Atlanta. The C.D.C. tracks down the causes of unexplained outbreaks of illness. It is staffed by physicians and scientists who are highly competent, usually young, and invariably willing to work for less money than they could make on the outside. They enjoy the role of medical detective. Often their tasks are relatively trivial: finding the tainted macaroni salad which gave diarrhea to dozens at a crowded picnic. Sometimes the challenge is much greater, as when C.D.C. scientists identified the bacterium responsible for Legionnaires Disease, and turned a mystery killer into a treatable ailment.

Much has been said and written about the allegation that because AIDS primarily affects homosexuals and drug addicts, the federal government was lax in responding to it. I cannot say that more researchers and case workers would not have been assigned if this were a fatal affliction of investment bankers. But it would be difficult to make a case that the C.D.C. could have accomplished more than it did in the initial phases of the investigation.

The science of epidemiology concentrates on finding the one exposure shared by those infected by an ailment and not by those unaffected by it. "At the picnic did you eat the potato salad or the macaroni salad?" In the early stages of the investigation in 1981, the C.D.C. scientists exhaustively interviewed every AIDS victim they could find. They tested samples of the victims' blood, urine, saliva, and feces for every known bacterium, virus, and parasite. Many theories were put forward: that the amyl nitrate stimulants known as "poppers" were the cause, that certain bathhouses or bars might be involved. The laboratory tests found nothing. The only fact that emerged from the interview was that many of the victims were having a lot of sex with a lot of other men. Many had had hundreds of sex partners a year, and some had had more than a thousand.

Ironically, the investigation moved faster at the beginning stages precisely because the disease was affecting primarily people whom most of society and the mass me-

Robert Bazell, who studied immunology at the University of California at Berkeley, is the science correspondent for NBC News.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dia tend to ignore. During those first months C.D.C. scientists did not have to contend with hysterical inquiries from citizens and public officials. They did not have to spend much time answering reporters' questions, because reporters weren't calling.

Between 1979 and the end of 1981, 280 cases had been diagnosed and reported to the C.D.C., 225 in 1981 alone. The number seemed to be increasing exponentially, doubling every six months. The investigators saw that AIDS had spread to drug addicts, to Haitians, to hemophiliacs, and to children. They realized that 75 percent of the victims who had had the disease for a year and a half or more were dead. And most important, it became increasingly clear that what was causing the disease was something "new": not the familiar bacterium waiting to be found in the macaroni salad, but an agent to which human beings had never previously been exposed. At this point it was obvious that traditional epidemiology and the resources of the C.D.C. were not enough. A lot of basic research was needed. And here there *was* a lag.

BY HARRY PINCUS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The National Institutes of Health dominates medical research in the United States. The N.I.H. is not set up as the C.D.C. is to respond quickly to emergencies. It funds research and researchers to pursue long-term goals that are established by Congress and, indirectly, by the lobbying groups that influence Congress. That is why the largest part of the N.I.H. budget pays for studies of diseases which might kill a 68-year-old white male Senator. Not surprisingly, the top scientists follow the money. Most spend their time on problems such as cancer and heart disease. The N.I.H. offered no money for AIDS research in 1982. But even if it had, few top scientists would have jumped in. From the outside it seemed the C.D.C. still might come up with a quick, easy explanation, and few big-time scientists would have been willing to switch to research that might prove a waste of time.

As a result the gap was filled by scientists who, like Dr. James Oleske of the New Jersey School of Medicine and Dentistry in Newark, stand below the top rung. Dr. Oleske, among the first to study AIDS in children, set off much of the current panic about AIDS.

The mothers of most of the children who have AIDS are drug addicts, and other researchers had assumed that the children contracted the disease from their mother's blood in the womb. But Dr. Oleske announced at a press conference, in dozens of media interviews, and, months later, in a paper in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that AIDS seemed to be spreading in the families by casual contact, by inhaling the breath of a victim or by kissing. Several other scientists say Dr. Oleske's work is flawed. (As Dr. Arye Rubenstein, Professor of Pediatrics and Director of N.I.H. research on AIDS at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, diplomatically put it, "My feeling was that the information included in his *JAMA* paper does not yet justify the far-reaching conclusion that there is an intrafamilial spread through casual contact.") They contend he did not check thoroughly enough whether the mothers had a history of drug use or bisexual lovers. Some of the cases, they say, might not have even been AIDS, and some were investigated after the victims had died. He was the first—and to my knowledge he remains the only—scientist to claim that AIDS can be spread by casual contact. But a lot of reporters picked up on that story. Soon hospital workers, prison guards, undertakers, and many others were regarding AIDS victims as lepers.

No group has suffered more from bad science than Haitian immigrants. When the first cases appeared, American doctors interviewed the victims. The doctors spoke mostly English. Occasionally they found someone who could ask the questions in French. But the recent immigrants understand only a little French, and even less English. None of the original interviews was conducted in their native Creole. Nor did the doctors bother to learn much about the Haitian culture. They simply asked, "Are you a homosexual? Do you shoot drugs?" When the answer to both ques-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First AIDS

Not long ago Debbie Reynolds, star of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* and other wholesome films, stepped up and volunteered to emcee a fund-raiser for San Francisco's newly formed AIDS KS (Kaposi's sarcoma) Foundation, which lobbies and provides money for medical research and support of AIDS patients. "Everyone should do charity, what's wrong is when people don't," she told *USA Today*, sounding just as if she were talking about muscular dystrophy. A bit earlier, the Gay Men's Health Crisis, an AIDS group based in New York, sponsored a benefit featuring the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus at Madison Square Garden. The attendees included such luminaries as Mayor Ed Koch, Leonard Bernstein, and Bella Abzug. Concern about AIDS has slipped into the mainstream.

AIDS, of course, has prompted all kinds of hysteria, from TV technicians who refused to work during an interview with two AIDS victims to Jerry Falwell's invectives against the "gay plague." But amidst the homophobia, a measure of sympathy and awareness has emerged in the straight community, as local governments and the United States Congress—to say nothing of movie stars—rush to get the funds needed for attacking the disease. And gay political groups, long frustrated at the lack of initiative in the ranks, "the silent majority within our minority," as one Washington spokesman puts it, have been quick to take advantage of the nation's consuming worries about AIDS.

As in the past, it has taken a direct threat to galvanize the gay movement. Gay leaders recall that Anita Bryant's campaigns to strike gay rights laws from the books in Florida and California in 1978 and 1979 gave them the initial impetus to organize and fight, to lobby and rally public support. And though Bryant stirred up the media for a time, her "pro-family" crusade eventually disintegrated (along with her marriage). "We were more successful after that," says Jeff Levi, Washington representative for the National Gay Task Force. "We grew, and then leveled off for a while."

Unlike Anita Bryant, AIDS is lethal. Gay lobbying groups, diverting efforts from the politically charged issues surrounding gay rights, have made AIDS the centerpiece of the homosexual movement. "Gays have always been concerned with things like police harassment at home, bar raids, and that sort of thing—they didn't take Washington very seriously," says Larry Bush, a prominent gay journalist based in Washington. "Now these leaders have got to show they've gotten the government to respond to these new needs."

Despite disorganization and intramural squabbling, the lobbyists are getting what they want—partly because of their efforts and largely because of the public health crisis. Three of the nine AIDS-related bills that have been introduced have passed, most recently the Cranston-Waxman bill, which set up a $30 million fund to be used by the Department of Health and Human Services to fight "public health emergencies" when budgeted monies run out. "Congress has been responding faster than the Public Health Service, and we're not exactly a snap-to-it organization," says one legislative assistant.

The front lines of the AIDS battle are cities with sizable homosexual populations, where the disease has spread most rapidly. City administrations and health departments have worked hard to disseminate information about AIDS, and have had to work closely with local gay groups. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors has allocated $4 million in fiscal 1983 to fight AIDS. The District of Columbia Health Department, at the request of gay groups, has allowed AIDS cases to be reported only by initials, birthdate, and sex, to avoid creating a file with the names of homosexual men.

It has been easier to unite gay communities in the face of a direct attack. But leaders are still fighting over the issues surrounding the nature of homosexuality itself. Gay sex is a sensitive and morally contested issue—and is also apparently the mechanism by which AIDS is transmitted. Its emphasis or de-emphasis in lobbying and in public awareness campaigns is a familiar fault line in the gay rights movement. In San Francisco, it divided gay groups down the middle in a political battle over the disease chronicled in the July issue of *California* magazine. The fight hinged on how much prevention of the disease—and the clinical details of anal sex—should be emphasized. Moderate groups feared that advertising the details of homosexuality would alienate straights. Radical groups deplored this attitude and eventually convinced the Health Department to spend $70,000 to disseminate more information about possible prevention in bars and bathhouses. The final result, however, may not be revulsion, but a demystification of homosexual practices—and once the mystery is removed, more puritanical attitudes may give way to the nonchalance that has increasingly characterized sexual mores in general.

Many gays who are not getting involved in the political organizing—or infighting—in the AIDS movement are volunteering for social services, which could subtly boost the political cohesiveness of gay groups. "It's drawing people out—all people respond to crises, and these people happen to be gay," says Jim Graham, president of the Whitman Walker Clinic in Washington, D.C., which specializes in gay men's health. Donations to the clinic, from both gays and straights, have shot up recently. The number of volunteers at the Gay Men's Health Crisis in New York has risen from about two hundred to over a thousand in the past eight months.

Along with the fear and suffering over AIDS there have been, perhaps, some positive side effects. The sense of shared vulnerability in gay communities has brought about a real pulling together, accompanied by an unprecedented level of political organizing—even in smaller cities such as Seattle, which recently set aside $80,000 for AIDS. Once the disease is brought under control, the horrors of AIDS will fade from public memory, but the higher level of gay political involvement is likely to continue.

JOHN MCQUAID

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tions was no, the doctors declared that Haitians were susceptible to AIDS for some mysterious reason.

Suddenly there was a popular notion—and it seemed ever so logical—that AIDS had originated in Haiti. What better place for a deadly new disease to spring up than the land of voodoo and poverty? And who better to blame than Haitian immigrants? Poor, black, and speaking little English, they were already facing more discrimination than almost any other group in America. So why not blame them for AIDS too? My experience at the airport illustrates the attitude about Haitians. About eighty Haitians in the United States—out of four hundred thousand—have AIDS. But because of the fear of AIDS, hundreds of immigrants have lost their jobs or have been told they will not get one.

There is simply no evidence to support the so-called "Haitian connection." When Haitian doctors interviewed the victims, they learned that at least one quarter had worked as male prostitutes meeting foreign gay men, mostly Americans, in bars in Port-au-Prince and in the resort areas of Cap Haitien. These Haitian men did not consider themselves homosexual. In fact, there is a strong cultural taboo against homosexuality in Haiti. Many of these men were married with families. They had sold themselves in order to survive.

In Haiti I learned that AIDS is a growing problem there. At least one hundred fifty cases have been diagnosed. But there is no evidence that AIDS began there. It probably came from the United States. In Haiti many victims, like the victims among the immigrants to the United States, worked as male prostitutes. Others are their wives and girlfriends. Folk doctors, who provide much of the poor Haitians' medical care, often inject several patients with the same hypodermic needle without cleaning it. This practice may be spreading AIDS among Haitians the way it is spread among drug addicts in the U.S. Still, there is no reason to say that AIDS is a Haitian disease or that Haitians get it for reasons that are different from everyone else's.

Some gay organizations and gay publications have repeated the allegation that AIDS originated in Haiti. One story has it that during voodoo rituals Haitians drink pigs' blood, and can contract an African swine virus which infects Haitian pigs. There is no evidence whatsoever to support this tale. Although gays have protested vociferously about the discrimination they have suffered because of AIDS, some elements of the gay community seem to have no qualms about abetting discrimination against others. There is a strong desire among some gays to say that AIDS came from somewhere—anywhere—else.

It is unlikely we will ever learn where AIDS originated. Within a year or two scientists will probably identify a virus that causes it. But no one will be able to say where that virus underwent the genetic mutation that enables it to infect humans and destroy white blood cells. We can say that once the virus appeared, one of the main reasons it became such a public health problem was the promiscuity of many gay men.

Homosexuality, it has often been noted in the discussions of AIDS, is as old as mankind. Some people have always had sex with a lot of other people. But the emergence of homosexuality as an accepted culture in the last decade enabled thousands of gay men to indulge in the age-old male fantasy of having sex with whomever you want as often as you want. A network where thousands of people are interacting sexually is as rich an environment for the dissemination of disease as one could possibly imagine. This is particularly so when much of the sex is anal, with tiny sores in the rectum allowing for the mixing of semen and blood and often the blood of one sex partner with the blood of the other.

Before AIDS appeared, many gay men were already victim to dozens of bacterial, viral, and parasitic infections which had been rare until recently. When a fatal disease found its way into the network, its rapid spread was inevitable—first among the most promiscuous, then throughout the gay community. Whenever it started, AIDS quickly became a disease of male homosexuals. More than 70 percent of the victims are gay men. The evidence suggests that from the homosexual matrix it spread to i.v. drug users, and then to the few dozen people who have gotten it from transfusions and to the few dozen hemophiliacs who have gotten it from Factor 8, a product made from blood which they must inject to make their own blood clot. Women who have contracted AIDS (the C.D.C. knows of 110 female victims in the United States) got it either from bisexual lovers or from dirty needles. The few dozen child victims almost certainly got it from their mother's blood while in the womb and not from any casual contact.

FACED with the possibility of contracting a fatal illness, many gay men have thought hard about their lifestyle. The issue has been raised frequently in gay publications. But even though gays have criticized government officials, most officials dealing with AIDS have tried not to sit in judgment on people's behavior—no matter how much that behavior may have been responsible for the spread of the disease. If AIDS were magically to disappear and many gay men were to resume widespread promiscuity, there is a good chance that some other horrible disease would find its way into the gay population and then spread to others. One need not be a Moral Majority moralist to raise questions about the fast life; there are powerful medical reasons for doing so, and for heterosexuals as well as homosexuals. (On July 2 Jay Mathews of *The Washington Post*, citing C.D.C. figures, reported significant declines in the numbers of cases of syphilis and gonorrhea since the beginning of the year. Several health officials speculate that the recent herpes scare has contributed to the decline.)

In the past few months the N.I.H. has responded. It has awarded millions of dollars in research grants, and some very good scientists have turned their attention to AIDS. It is now certain that glory awaits the one who discovers the cause of or cure for the disease. Scientists are using medicine's most complex and modern technologies. It

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may take a few years, but it is a good bet they will succeed.

But based on what is already known, and based on the behavior of viruses, particularly hepatitis B that affects the same groups, it is possible to sort some things out now.

—Despite the hysteria, AIDS is not highly contagious. All the evidence indicates it can be transmitted only by sexual contact or mixing of blood; even then it requires repeated exposures. AIDS has been around long enough that if it could be caught by breathing the air or in some other casual way, there would be many cases. There are none. Thousands of gay men have had sex with AIDS victims and have not gotten it. A lot of people are waiting anxiously because the disease can appear six months to two years after exposure, but AIDS is certainly not anywhere nearly as contagious as the Black Death of the Middle Ages.

—There are more than seventeen hundred cases now, and there will be more than thirty-four hundred six months from now. But it is not likely there will be sixty-eight hundred a year from now. Almost certainly, the number of cases is not going to double every six months as it has since the onset of the epidemic. At some point the disease will have swept through the susceptible populations and the number of new cases will level off.

—It is unlikely that everyone who is infected will get the fatal disease. Most viruses affect people to different degrees. It would be surprising if AIDS were different. Some people might get a "mild case" and act as carriers but not suffer the complete immune deficiency.

—Another factor limiting the spread of AIDS is that while men can transmit it to women through sexual contact, there is little evidence that women can give it to men. Thus it will not spread like syphilis or gonorrhea.

—Finally, as long as AIDS receives close attention from the media there will be reports of people who contracted it through some route other than through sex, blood, or blood-contaminated needles. It is not easy to get honest answers about peoples' sex lives and drug-taking habits.

At the end of *The Plague*, Camus notes that the bacillus never really disappears, and reflects gloomily that "perhaps the day would come when it would rouse up its rats again and send them forth to die in a happy city." His warning might apply equally well to AIDS, because a mutant variant of the AIDS virus or some new organism could appear anytime. Even if interferon, recombinant D.N.A., or one of the other wonders of modern medicine provides a cure for AIDS or a vaccine to prevent it, health authorities and gay men would do well to remember the dangers to gays and others that a return to the old pattern of massive promiscuity would create.

Illness as metaphor revisited.

THE POLITICS OF A PLAGUE

BY CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

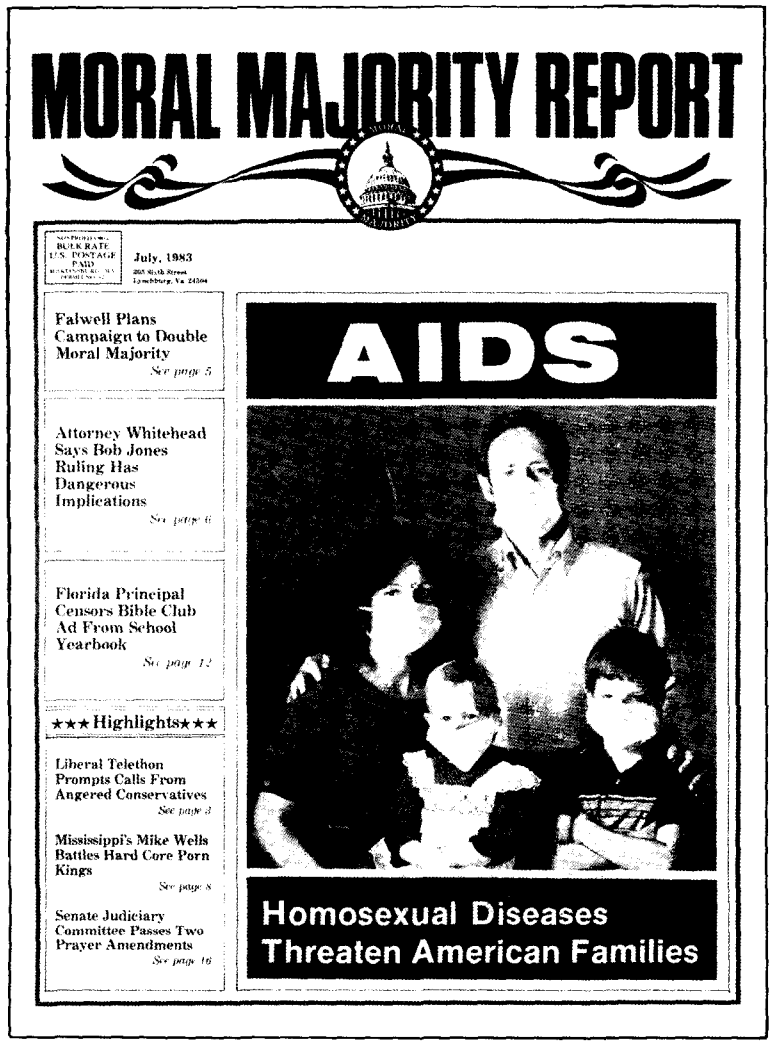
THE MORAL MAJORITY, which heretofore has busied itself with matters spiritual and political, has suddenly taken a deep interest in the nation's blood supply. Jerry Falwell called a July 4 press conference to propose, of all things, ways to protect blood banks from Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome. And big-city mayors, who have yet to band together for a national crusade against inner-city tuberculosis, infant mortality, or other common medical tragedies, have called for as much (federal) research money as it takes to finance an all-out crusade to stamp out AIDS—now.

There is no more boring political subject than public health, an area normally given over to specialists in screening, sewage, and sanitation. But AIDS is no ordinary disease. It fascinates scientists because it is the first transmittable disorder which destroys the body's immune system, the normal defense against cancer and other diseases. It fascinates everybody else because more than 70 percent of its victims are homosexuals. For the press, the story is irresistibly titillating. AIDS has been on every front page from *The Village Voice* to *Moral Majority Reports*. The *New York Post*, the nation's arbiter of what constitutes the lowest common denominator, accorded AIDS official certification by giving it screaming page one headlines two days running. *Newsweek* gave it its now traditional twice-over Hitler Diary treatment, promoting it in one issue, exposing it in another: its April 18 cover warned "AIDS may be the public health threat of the century"; its July 4 cover deplored "the growing panic over AIDS." But it is politicians and preachers who have evinced a special interest in AIDS. For them, it represents opportunity—opportunity for politicians to score political points with homosexuals, and for preachers to score moral points against them.

For politicians, anti-AIDS pronouncements are the safest possible demonstration of solidarity with gays. Who could be against stopping a killer disease? Elected officials in New York and San Francisco, where large, politically active, and increasingly self-conscious homosexual communities represent an important constituency, have led the call for a campaign against AIDS. The Surgeon General has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

responded by declaring AIDS the nation's "number one health priority" and allocating more than $26 million for AIDS research. Too much, argue critics on the right, who point out that $26 million is more than the combined total spent for Legionnaires' disease and toxic shock syndrome. They conveniently overlook the fact that AIDS is far more virulent: the recovery rate from Legionnaires' disease is 85 percent; from toxic shock syndrome, 97 percent; from AIDS, zero. Too little and too late, say critics on the left, who argue that the Reagan Administration is acting only now that it appears that AIDS might be breaking out into the general population. But the fact is that AIDS is *not* breaking out into the general population, as everyone knows who relies on the Center for Disease Control for such information, rather than on the *New York Post* (GRANDMOTHER DIES OF AIDS). Indeed, AIDS may be one of the least communicable of all communicable diseases, remaining for several years confined to very narrowly defined populations of sexually active homosexual men, intravenous drug abusers, Haitians, and hemophiliacs.


MORAL MAJORITY REPORT
July, 1983
Falwell Plans Campaign to Double Moral Majority
See page 5
Attorney Whitehead Says Bob Jones Ruling Has Dangerous Implications
See page 6
Florida Principal Censors Bible Club Ad From School Yearbook
See page 12
★★★Highlights★★★
Liberal Telethon Prompts Calls From Angered Conservatives
See page 3
Mississippi's Mike Wells Battles Hard Core Porn Kings
See page 8
Senate Judiciary Committee Passes Two Prayer Amendments
See page 16
AIDS
Homosexual Diseases Threaten American Families

THE FALWELLIAN VIEW

Nevertheless, one mustn't be too hard on the politicians. They have a self-interest in responding to popular pressure, but they also have a duty to do so. And to say that they are motivated in part by expediency is not to conclude that they have decided the issue wrongly. How much is enough? If balancing the suffering of unemployment against inflation makes for a difficult "fairness" issue, then deciding how much effort society should make against one disease as opposed to another is doubly difficult. Those ready to accuse politicians of either giving too much or too little to AIDS are simply unaware of how capriciously research money for *any* disease is allocated. Congressional appropriations committees have long suffered from a "disease-of-the-month club" syndrome in which they become periodically agitated about a particular disease either because of the power of a lobby (polio, Legionnaires' disease), the fashionableness of the affected constituency (sickle cell anemia, toxic shock syndrome), or the addition of a celebrity to the ranks of the stricken (amyotrophic lateral sclerosis greatly improved its chances in the research funding sweepstakes when it became Lou Gehrig's disease). It is easy to be cynical about the process, but there is simply no morally satisfying way of carrying out the terrible work of triage. And after the push and pull of relatively undirected political forces, a rough justice seems to prevail. Research money by and large is allocated in proportion to number of victims, severity of illness, and research opportunities in the field. (I once wrote a scientific paper proposing a mathematical formula for combining these three criteria, as a way of short-circuiting the political bargaining. One reviewer savagely attacked the paper as a case of hopelessly impractical hyperrationality. He was right, of course, as I realized later when I learned that research monies are allocated according to a strikingly similar scheme in France.) On the whole, $26 million seems a reasonable infusion of funds to study a wholly new and deadly disease.

How much of a national scientific effort we devote to fighting an illness is a reflection of the political value we attach to it and to its victims. But that is only the most superficial issue aroused by AIDS. The deeper issue is the moral value we attach to an illness, and on that may hinge the fate of the homosexual movement itself. The initial breakthrough on homosexual rights occurred twenty-five years ago, when private consensual homosexual activity was legalized in Britain. That was a triumph for tolerance—but tolerance implies deviance. The great aim of the homosexual movement in recent years has been to go beyond tolerance to legitimacy. Public acknowledgement of the legitimacy of homosexual life was to take two forms. First, allocation of social—*public*—space: allowing homosexual gathering places to migrate from the hidden waterfront dive to the downtown homosexual bar, bath-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house, and even church. Second, legal recognition of the rights of homosexuals *qua* homosexuals: the addition of "sexual preference" language to antidiscrimination legislation which would, in effect, grant the homosexual community the status of an oppressed minority on a par with blacks and women. These changes would have institutionalized a long historical transformation of homosexuality, which in the last hundred years has traveled the road from criminality, to mere immorality, to illness, and finally to "lifestyle."

Now—just as homosexuality was prepared to take the last step and free itself from the medical mantle which at first protected it and now confines it—comes the "gay plague." Just as society was ready to grant that homosexuality is not illness, it is seized with the idea that homosexuality breeds illness. And that gives those opposed to recent homosexual gains two powerful lines of attack for reversing them.

The first is to challenge on public health grounds the legal recognition and social space accorded homosexuals. It is a lot easier for Patrick Buchanan to call for closing down the gay bathhouses and canceling gay marches because of concern about the spread of AIDS than because he doesn't like what goes on in the bathhouses or what is advocated in the marches. There is one universally recognized exception to the inviolability of civil liberties: during epidemics it is permitted to quarantine individuals and padlock establishments.

Since this epidemic involves gays, and it is they who would be quarantined and padlocked, Jerry Falwell's sudden interest in the nation's blood banks and Patrick Buchanan's concern for the safety of homosexuals reflects a certain disingenuousness. Public health had never been high on the agenda of the Moral Majority, nor had the well-being of homosexuals been of particular concern to right-wing columnists. And since there is no evidence that AIDS is spread other than through intimate contact or the sharing of needles, the alarums raised about a great threat to the general (i.e., nonhomosexual, non-i.v.-drug-addicted) public are exercises in hysteria, and occasionally outright paranoia. *Human Events*, the right-wing weekly, writes that "there has even been speculation"—that convenient formulation that provides license for all kinds of lunatic accusations—"that AIDS victims could deliberately contaminate the blood supply, thus spreading the condition into the general population, as a way to make certain that there is increased pressure on the federal government to find a cure." An old story. "Nothing apparently could be more authentic than the reports that were spread of miscreants who were taken in the act of putting poisonous drugs into the food and drink of the common people," writes Thucydides. Poisoning the wells now has a high-tech version: poisoning the blood.

AIDS *does* raise a public health issue, but a different one. Although AIDS is not a threat to the general public, it is killing and terrorizing a large number of homosexuals. A study from the U. C. San Francisco Medical Center reports that 1 out of every 333 single males in the Castro area of San Francisco has AIDS. Within the gay community AIDS is a public health emergency, and many gay leaders recognize that the bathhouse is its breeding ground. Faced with the choice between their newly won social space and their health, gay leaders have been bitterly split on the question of abandoning the bathhouse culture they struggled to create. In a Sacramento gay newspaper, two gays with AIDS recently wrote that

> the present epidemic of AIDS among promiscuous urban gay males is occurring because of the unprecedented promiscuity of the last ten to fifteen years. The commercialization of promiscuity and the explosion of establishments such as bathhouses, bookstores, and back rooms is unique in Western history. It has been mass participation in this lifestyle that has led to the creation of an increasingly disease-polluted pool of sexual partners.

For other gay leaders the bathhouse culture, as the most extreme and defiant expression of liberated homosexual life, must be defended at all costs. (One gay leader in San Francisco termed the proposals to close the bathhouses "genocidal" and compared them to the Nazi order requiring homosexuals to wear triangular pink shirt patches—an analogy that proved that paranoia and political idiocy are far more contagious than AIDS).

The fact is that the bathhouse *is* a breeding ground for AIDS and is a menace to the homosexual community. If the bathhouse issue were freed from the political uses to which it has been put by homophobes, and from the political symbolism with which it has been endowed by radical gay activitists, it might be easier for the gay community to close the bathhouses to save lives. One would hope that the issue could be de-ideologized and left to the judgment of the affected community. But that is not likely to happen.

THE NEW REPUBLIC SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

ADDRESS CHANGE?

If you plan to change your address please give us 4 weeks notice. We can handle this change most efficiently if you follow the instructions below:

1. Send us the mailing label on the front of this magazine to let us know your old address.
2. Write your new address below.
3. Mail this coupon to:
   THE NEW REPUBLIC
   P.O. Box 955
   Farmingdale, NY 11737

☐ Please send The New Republic to my new address:

Name (please print)

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

PROBLEMS, COMPLAINTS?

If you have a subscription problem that needs to be solved or are unhappy with our service we want to know about it.

Please call one of our customer service representatives at: **800-645-9559**.

We can help you most efficiently if the mailing label from your latest issue is in front of you when you call.

If the problem concerns your payment, please have your canceled check in front of you so that we can solve the problem over the telephone.

800-645-9559

(NY residents call 800-732-9119) (Call between 9:00-5:00, Eastern time, Monday-Friday in the continental U.S.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The pundits and preachers who want to padlock the bathhouses want to do so not for public health but for political reasons. It is the first step to returning homosexuality to the consensual privacy stage. (And perhaps even further: "Dallas Doctors Against AIDS" wants to recriminalize all homosexuality—on health grounds, of course.) Nevertheless, unless AIDS breaks out in the general population, the public health line of attack is unlikely to succeed. But AIDS presents the opportunity for a second, subtler, and more fundamental attack on homosexuality: the suggestion that this disease may be a metaphor for the lifestyle and community from which it springs.

Gays argue that AIDS is not inherent to homosexual life. No one knows the origin of the disease. It might have started in Haiti or with a chance mutation elsewhere, and homosexuals happen to have become its current carriers. One might just as well accuse American Legionnaires of being a breeding ground for the fatal pneumonia that now bears their name. This kind of argument bucks a powerful tide. When Buchanan calls AIDS "nature's revenge," and writes, "The poor homosexuals: they have declared war on nature and nature is exacting an awful retribution," he is appealing to the latent and popular feeling that homosexuality is abnormal. That feeling has lately been overlain by a visible, but thin, layer of newly enlightened opinion about homosexuality. AIDS could easily sweep it away.

WE ARE notoriously inclined to imbue any illness with meaning. "Leprous" has entered the lexicon as a synonym for corruption and decay; tuberculosis was transformed by the literary imagination into kind of a gift, a romantic agony that bespoke heightened sensibility and refinement ("When I was young I could not have accepted as a lyrical poet anyone weighing more than ninety-nine pounds," said Théophile Gautier); and cancer is the modern metaphor for malignant, destructive, consumptive evil. Diseases transmitted by taboo behaviors are all the more susceptible to metaphorical interpretation. Early in this century syphilis came to stand for moral degradation, a phenomenon that reached its grotesque apotheosis in Hitler's identification of the disease with his nemesis, the Jews. AIDS is particularly susceptible to metaphorical interpretation, not only because of its mode of transmission, but because of a recent transformation in what might be called the theory of desires. The notion that illnesses are caused by repression was until recently a very powerful modern myth. By the sixties and seventies even as "physical" a disease as cancer was attributed to sexual and emotional repression (a *reductio ad absurdum* that occasioned Susan Sontag's spirited debunking in *Illness as Metaphor*). That tide has turned. Hysteria, the classical illness of repression, has almost disappeared from clinical practice, to be replaced by the newly fashionable narcissistic neuroses—diseases of *ex*pression—in which one's troubles stem from quite the opposite problem, enslavement to one's desires. We are recoiling from the liberation of the last few decades (and are more likely now to call it permissiveness); but, as we are still reluctant to express this change of heart in moral terms, we invoke nature as the arbiter. Thus herpes, as benign an infection as one can imagine, became the medical sensation of 1982, nature's way of telling us that sexual liberation had gone too far. AIDS—which doesn't itch, it kills—is an even better metaphor. In an anguished reflection on AIDS published in *The Village Voice*, the gay writer Richard Goldstein acknowledges, and laments, the need for "weighing the odds of contagion against the imperatives of desire, a devastating task." Before Freud that would have been considered a commonplace task. The significance of Goldstein's admission is that after a long historical summer when it was thought that desire *was* health, it is now once again recognized that one may have to choose between the two. And that AIDS may be punishment for the wrong choice.

IN REALITY no one knows whether AIDS is accidentally a homosexual disease or intrinsically so. It seems to me more a theological than an empirical question. Historians still argue whether syphilis, which erupted on Europe in 1494, was brought back by Columbus (from, of all places, Haiti) or whether it was caused by the mutation of an indigenous European organism. The one empirical fact we know about AIDS is that it is associated with promiscuity. AIDS victims have more than twice as many sexual partners as healthy homosexuals. In that respect AIDS is much like syphilis: any sexual contact is inherently risky, and the more tickets you buy in the lottery the more likely you are to get the prize. And syphilis seems an apt comparison because it illustrates how arbitrary the ascription of meaning to illness can be. When it swept Europe in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, syphilis was a much more virulent illness than it is today (many died in the secondary stage, which today is rather benign). And yet, writes George Rosen in *A History of Public Health*, "Tolerance in sex matters was generally characteristic of the period from the Renaissance to the eighteenth century, so that there was no stigma attached to the disease." Things changed with the new (Victorian) sexual morality and changed again in the last generation, when antibiotics reduced syphilis to a triviality.

Medical science is not likely to do the same for AIDS soon, and AIDS arrives not in the permissive context of the sixteenth century, or, for that matter, of the 1960s. In the current revisionist climate, it has come to symbolize, to use Richard Goldstein's words, the identity between contagion and a kind of desire. That metaphorical meaning will pose as great a threat to the homosexual movement as the illness itself poses to its constituents. Gay leaders who are for closing the bathhouses are thinking of saving more than lives. They realize perhaps that their movement might have to yield its most extreme social gains, at least until medicine can do for AIDS what it did for syphilis. At which point they might resume their struggle, without having to wrestle with a metaphorical phantom they cannot defeat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Holding Up

The Grey Fox
(United Artists Classics)

In the mid-1860s, when he was sixteen, Bill Miner began to rob stagecoaches in the far West. Eventually, after he had earned the sobriquet Gentleman Bandit, he was captured and sent to prison. He spent thirty-three years in San Quentin. When he got out, in 1901, he stayed with his married sister in Washington State; after a try at an oystering job, he went back to robbery. The railroad had completely eliminated the stagecoach, so he became a train robber in the Northwest and in British Columbia. His first attempt failed, and one of his partners was killed. His second attempt succeeded, but he and a sidekick had to lie low for a while in a remote town in western Canada. The hotel owner, who knew Bill from prison, provided the hideout but blackmailed him into more theft—horse rustling. In time Bill, his sidekick, and a new partner broke loose with another train robbery. They were caught. All three were sentenced, Bill for thirty-five years.

The facts suggest a film. But how do you make a winning film about an incorrigible thief, unreformed after thirty-three years in prison, a man long past any youthful impulse to adventure who just can't endure honest work? Simple. You make *The Grey Fox*.

First, you get the right actor for the leading role. The filmmakers, all Canadian, hit the jackpot. They chose Richard Farnsworth, who has been in American films for over forty years. In recent years he has come to some prominence, as Jane Fonda's one ranch hand in *Comes a Horseman*, the grizzled filling station man in *Resurrection*, and in a few other visible roles, but he spent most of those decades in stunt work and bit parts. Sometimes bit players move up. (It's fun to catch glimpses of them in their earlier days. Try to spot Norma Shearer in the barn-dance scene in *Way Down East*.) But I can't remember a precedent for the rise of a bit player at Farnsworth's age.

He is excellent. He plays as if he were Burt Lancaster in *Atlantic City* (although he would have been better than Lancaster): as if he had been a star for long years and is counting on your remembrance. It's a performance of complete repose, charming honesty and strength. An old star knows he has it made; an old Farnsworth, instead of bucking to succeed as a young Farnsworth might have done, doesn't give a damn about all that. He doesn't strain, he just does what he has to do—well. (In the film Bill says, "To a man my age, the future don't mean much unless you're talking about next week.") Perhaps it's a stretch to suggest an analogy between Bill Miner's release from prison after thirty-three years and Richard Farnsworth's relatively recent release from decades of film obscurity; but Farnsworth convinces us that he knows what Bill is talking about, and he plays the part with the ease of recognized mortality.

Next, the screenwriter, John Hunter, made the most of the gentlemanly legends attaching to Bill, all of which fit Farnsworth snugly. Bill says "sir" quite a lot, even to victims, apologizes for disturbances, and so on. But, more centrally, Hunter has made the most of the cultural change in the story's era. Not only had stagecoaches gone and railroads conquered while Bill had been in prison but film had arrived. It's at a showing of (naturally) *The Great Train Robbery* that Bill's future comes into view, that he sees how to utilize his now-dangling specialty of vehicle-robbery. The film atmosphere is established early: clips from stagecoach robberies in old Westerns are spliced between the titles that give the data of Bill's youth. And the film presence continues: during one of Bill's chases near the end, clips from the 1903 film are interwoven—in fact, there's one quick shot of Bill himself in old-style black-and-white. *The Great Train Robbery* didn't make a criminal of Bill (though I'm sure that some films have made criminals of some people); the film sparked his imagination in his long-practiced profession. Bill is thus used as an early, if eccentric, example of the effect of film on the secret life.

He was no Robin Hood; he stole from the rich and gave to himself. But it was the railroad that he robbed, and the railroad is shown as such a tyrannical institution that, even if Bill kept the proceeds, people applauded. That leads to the next element in the filmmaking, the director's vision. Phillip Borsos was educated at Canadian film schools and has made a number of shorts and documentaries. *The Grey Fox* is his first feature, but one would never know. For prime instance, take his use of the railroad throughout. Admittedly, it's impossible for a moving railroad train to be unexciting, unromantic, but Borsos finds angles, prominences, a process of iconography that make the railroad all the more dangerous for being so seductive and overwhelming.

Borsos has a feeling for faces. With one exception, he has cast the whole film very well, using what Eisenstein would have called typage—defined by Jay Leyda as "presenting each new figure in our first glimpse of him so sharply and completely that further use of this element may be as a known ele-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Draughtsman's Contract. Elegant, ingenious, unique. Peter Greenaway's writing and direction dazzle in this Restoration comedy of death.

The Return of Martin Guerre. Sixteenth-century France, exquisitely re-created, splendidly acted. Adequate dramatization of historical incident.

Superman III. Well, it's summer. And this latest installment is quite funny.

The White Rose. A moving film about the Munich students who, in 1942-1943, conducted a hopeless, heroic protest against Hitler. No bravura, much bravery.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment." (It's one approach to what Brecht called *gestus*.) The principle is not mere typecasting but to make us feel that, out of all the faces in the world, this surely is the right one—for Bill's brother-in-law or sidekick or the local policeman or whatever. And having chosen faces well, Borsos then works in close, though not with enormities, to mine their richness.

With an acute editor, Frank Irvine, Borsos has cut and phrased skillfully. Lots of the elisions between major sequences are abrupt, thus flattering: they assume our impatience with trudging details, our ability to make leaps. And one sequence uses a device which, if not new, is amusingly handled. It starts with Bill in the hotel bathtub, scrubbing, singing "Sweet Betsy from Pike." His voice continues as we watch a montage of his growing acquaintance with a lady in the town. By the time he finishes his bath, he is ready to leave for his date.

PRINCIPALLY, essentially, excellently, what Borsos has done is what the best directors have always done: before he began, he envisioned a tone and rhythm that, whatever else might change or be invented, he wanted to maintain. He maintains it. *The Grey Fox* is not a jaunty ballad of Billy the Kid or the romance of two young buckos like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid: it's the faintly melancholy but determined story of a man whose life may almost be over but who means to redeem his past by *not changing*. To reform would be to trash his youth and his long years in prison. So, despite the robberies and fights, the film's tone is resolutely quiet, a tone that tests every moment by (whatever we may think of them) tested values.

The last major contributor to the film's quality is the cinematographer, Frank Tidy. He has helped to realize Borsos's intent with a palette of slanting golden light and the deep blue between sunset and dark. Occasionally Tidy's work edges toward *Days of Heaven* gorgeousness, lushly distracting, but mostly his colors fit what's going on inside Bill. And, excepting Kurosawa, I've never seen better photography of pelting rain. The scene in which the three robbers are brought back in an open wagon through a downpour is superb.

My only strong reservation about the film is the performance of Jackie Burroughs as the woman photographer who becomes Bill's lover. Burroughs is a celebrated Canadian theater and TV star and wants us to be aware of it. Her acting is self-consciously thoroughbred.

But, overwhelmingly, *The Grey Fox* triumphs over the difficulties I cited at the outset. It's a highly enjoyable film. At the end, as Bill leaves for prison on a train (!), a small boy hands him an orange. (He had given that boy an orange earlier in the picture.) As the train pulls out, townsfolk come onto the track to wave goodbye. The sound fades under the picture, then the picture fades—and the closing titles give us some surprises. But before those heart-tuggers and those surprises, *The Grey Fox* has succeeded. The lovely making of the film in itself makes us care about its gentle, unregenerate protagonist.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Theater With a Public Dimension

For years people have been asking why the American theater, except in the fervent decades of the '30s and '60s, has revealed so little public dimension, while the English stage since the '50s has been kindled by social and political fires. I don't have a simple answer to that complicated question, but I can offer you three recent examples of its truth.

Egyptology
by Richard Foreman

Fen
by Caryll Churchill

Ohio Impromptu
Catastrophe
What Where
by Samuel Beckett

Two of these examples were produced at the New York Public Theater, which as usual is warming up in the spring and summer months, the first being Richard Foreman's *Egyptology*. As the subtitle (*My Head Was a Sledgehammer*) suggests, this is another in Foreman's anthology of swirling interior brainstorms. Foreman has an unusual gift for painting imaginative dreamscapes, and when you enter the small auditorium of The Other Stage, you are instantly enveloped in this director's special world. Loudspeakers amplify the alienating, maddening squeals and barks of a dog in agony, mixed with repetitive strains of horror music, and the stage, bisected as usual by Foreman's horizontal strings, is decorated with Egyptian memorabilia, including a sarcophagus, miniature pyramids, Victorian statuary, a clock whose hands have stopped at 1 P.M., and a bizarre poster of Abraham Lincoln superimposed on a drawing of the Sphinx and the Great Pyramid of Giza.

Enter a scowling, scholarly clerk in a skullcap (Seth Allen) who is menaced by a chorus of bizarre Egyptian types holding ice cream cones. These are soon joined by a ravaged female aviator (Kate Mannheim), an alien innocent in a madhouse, Amelia Earhart downed in a surrealistic Museum of Antiquities. "I seem to have crashed but I am still alive," she notes, "Is that true?" "Not really," replies her interlocutor. She and the audience are locked inside the cabinet of Dr. Caligari, gasping for breath in the incomprehensible air. Occasionally, a railroad car marked CAIRO/MOROCCO is wheeled onstage, to the accompaniment of earsplitting sounds, while a passenger waves through a window. Wearing a costume left over from Foreman's recent production of *Don Juan*, a man dressed as Louis XIV sidles on, walking on blocks and holding an apple: "Isn't it interesting," he observes, "to be living in a time when nothing works?" The man in the skullcap cuts the railroad car in half with a chain saw. The amplification system distorts a song from Kurt Weill's *Mahogany*. Finally, the aviatrix enters the sarcophagus, asking the others to promise that she will last forever. They all laugh.

These are just a few random images from an evening that is itself entirely random, but I think you get the point. The piece is performed deliberately by a totally dedicated cast, which, like Foreman himself, shows the influence of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

great Polish experimentalist, Tadeusz Kantor. But whereas Kantor's work is a harsh meditation on the nightmares of history, *Egyptology* remains essentially a personal and quite impenetrable series of disjointed images. "Do you believe in a private system of messages intended for you and nobody else?" the aviatrix is asked. For all his inventiveness, Richard Foreman is hobbled by his belief in such a system; he has not yet awakened from his own private dreams.

Caryll Churchill's *Fen*, a work partly written and partly overheard, is a collaboration of the Joint Stock Company, a group of five women and a man. Also playing at the Papp complex, it is nonetheless a bog of an entirely different color. The techniques of *Fen* are simple, almost naive, because the play exists entirely for its social references. The fens are rich farmland one hundred miles from London, and it is the purpose of this play to examine the gray, unfulfilled lives of the people who work it. The stage is covered with rich, brown soil and row upon row of potatoes; when these are picked in a long wordless sequence, we are inside a Van Gogh painting. The spoken scenes are less impressive, brief vignettes from the lives of these potato pickers, centering on an illicit affair between Val and Frank, two guilty working people who have abandoned spouses and children for love, which ends (unconvincingly) in the axe murder of Val at her lover's hands.

The play shows us how the lands are in the process of being bought up by a consortium, how the workers take refuge in drink and religion and fantasies of the future, and how the squalid working conditions make not only sexual love impossible, but any warm feelings between humans, even within the family. It is a bleak picture of life, "flat and dull like the landscape," and I fear the play shares some of these qualities, as do the sketchy performances. Nevertheless, one is compelled to respect the sincerity of the undertaking; it more than makes up in conviction what it lacks in art and accomplishment, and it almost manages to give the mute a voice.

Samuel Beckett has never been considered a political playwright, though he has hardly been thought of as a private writer either. In two of his three most recent plays, now being performed at the Harold Clurman Theater under the meticulous direction of Allan Schneider, a political element has entered his work that seems entirely new. Beckett has, hitherto, achieved his universality by means of his metaphysical intensity. In the first, and perhaps best, short piece of the evening, *Ohio Impromptu*, this intensity is present in its most concentrated form. Two men with delicate tapered fingers and long, flaxen, white hair, their right hands cupping their foreheads, sit together at a tipped table, decorated only with "an old World Latin Quarter hat." One, the Reader, turns the pages and intones the text, while the other, the Listener, listens intently, interrupting from time to time with abrupt taps on the table, if a phrase is slurred or omitted. The narrative concerns a series of meetings between two people, possibly the two before us, as they are joined, separated, and rejoined—"with never a word exchanged, they grew to be as one." Having alluded to "fearful symptoms," and "the dear name" (left unnamed), the Reader, with "Nothing left to tell," finally closes the book. Both men remove their hands to reveal dead white faces, staring fixedly at each other, as the lights slowly fade. David Warrilow is the Reader, his graveled voice buzzing like an ancient bee, the Listener is Rand Mitchell, and the play is another minimal masterpiece of a kind that makes all other theatrical writings somehow seem excessive.

The second piece, *Catastrophe*, is a political piece; it is also, sad to say, not very effective. Dedicated to Vaclav Havel, the imprisoned Czech dissident, *Catastrophe* takes place in a theater, where the Director, a burly man in a Russian fur hat, smoking a cigar, is arranging with his female assistant the posture and attitude of the Protagonist, a tall emaciated wretch who stands on a plinth in a black coat and prison garb. The Director is very concerned about what the audience will see—his feet rather than his face, white hands, a little nudity around the chest, neck, and shins. "Step on it," he shouts impa-

An engrossing and vivid account of Bertolt Brecht's life and work during his fascinating, trying Hollywood years

"Cook brings to the subject a fresh point of view, a skeptical attitude, and a strong style. He is a thorough journalist whose book may anger the Brecht establishment . . . This corrective study may be essential to a full understanding of Brecht."
—Library Journal

A New Republic Book • Holt, Rinehart and Winston

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiently, "I have a caucus." The Assistant suggests "a little gag." "For God's sake," protests the Director, "this craze for explicitation!" Having arranged the look of the shivering scarecrow to his satisfaction, and lighted his head with six specials, the Director triumphantly announces "There's our catastrophe," and then we hear shouts and applause from the audience on the loudspeakers.

Beckett is trying to fashion an analogy between a director moving around an actor and a commissar controlling a prisoner, perhaps himself caught for a moment in an uncharacteristic "craze for explicitation." But his very use of analogies instead of metaphors robs his writing of ambiguity and even weakens his usually formidable control of language. Imagine Pozzo and Lucky—of whom the Director and the Protagonist are variants—reduced to nothing but their socially symbolic roles as master and slave, and you will have some idea of how reductive Beckett's political anecdote has made his art.

In *What Where*, however, Beckett combines art and politics more successfully, largely by returning to a more allusive method. The play concerns Bam, Bom, Bim, Bem, and the Voice of Bam that issues from a loudspeaker suspended in space. These are ghostly cloaked creatures who wander in and out of half light. They are "the last five," including one more figure, an offstage prisoner named Re (Thing?), who is being tortured for a confession. Bam, the leader, asks each in turn "Are you free?" then demands that they give the prisoner "the works" until he confesses. What Bam wants to hear is that the prisoner "said Where to him." Reluctantly, the others report that, though weeping and begging for mercy, he still refuses to say Where. The seasons change, the torturers come and go, the voice of Bam switches on and off, the prisoner still refuses to say Where.

The prisoner may be the Protagonist of *Catastrophe*, the resisting artist throttled by the totalitarian state, but when etched in such ominous, mysterious halftones, the fate of such resistance in a political world seems infinitely more terrifying. At all events, we are witnessing a new departure in Beckett's art, one which puts his past work in a new perspective and which promises a genuine renewal for the future. Would that our own playwrights could look out on the world beyond the self with such fresh, such young and eager eyes.

If you believe that pressing political, economic, and cultural issues cannot be resolved—or even understood—without considering their moral and ethical underpinnings, you should subscribe to

This World

the lively new journal (less than 2 years old) that believes the same. Here are highlights of the current issue, dated Spring/Summer 1983:

Foreign Policy and "The American Way"

The Rise and Fall of the Post-World War II Consensus

by Allan C. Carlson

Our pluralistic society is increasingly torn by divisive conflicts. A diminished core of common values appears unable to sustain the formerly shared sense of moral identity and purpose. Can the old consensus be restored? Can some other viable common faith replace it? And, lacking either, can the U.S. reassert an effective foreign policy, rebuild its position vis a vis the Soviet Union, and continue as leader of the non-Communist world?

"Cosmos", Cosmologies, and the Public Schools

by Richard A. Baer, Jr.

A Cornell University scientist examines recent developments in the continuing controversy over religious and moral teachings and the public schools: the use of Sagan's "Cosmos" series in science studies; the storm over tuition vouchers and educational tax credits; the creationism conflict. Baer warns of a dangerously widening gulf between education theorists and leaders on the one hand, and broad segments of the public on the other.

The Market, Planning, Capitalism and Democracy

by Giovanni Sartori

Debates over the degree of economic planning that is compatible with political democracy are notable more for their passion than for their clearheadedness. Here, however, the distinguished Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at Columbia University presents light without heat: a remarkably readable and lucid explanation that, happily, defines some basic concepts too often obscured, when not overlooked entirely.

THIS WORLD is published three times yearly. Single copies are $5 each. Subscriptions: $16 for four issues, $32 for eight issues. Please enclose payment with your order, and address:

This World 6th floor 210 East 86th Street New York, N.Y. 10028

Editor: Michael A. Scully Editorial Board: Michael Novak, Seymour Siegel
Exec. Publisher: Philip N. Marcus

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FASCINATION OF HENRY ADAMS

The Letters of Henry Adams
Volume I: 1858-1868, Volume II: 1868-1885,
Volume III: 1886-1892
edited by J. C. Levenson, Ernest Samuels,
Charles Vandersee, and Viola Hopkins Winner,
with the assistance of Jayne N. Samuels and
Eleanor Pearre Abbot
(Harvard University Press, 574 pp., 645 pp., 638 pp., $100)

Descent from Glory
by Paul C. Nagel
(Oxford University Press, 400 pp., $25)

The Education of Mrs. Henry Adams
by Eugenia Kaledin
(Temple University Press, 277 pp., $27.95)

The daguerreotype over my desk well represents the sour, combative, fiercely concentrated intellect of the sixth President of the United States. With the possible exception of Thomas Jefferson, this was the most remarkable mind ever to attempt direction of the nation's affairs. Yet he was almost totally ineffective in the White House—a failure that, with his unusual comic objectivity, he attributed as much to his pursuit of moral perfection as he did to the baseness of politicians.

President John Quincy Adams's grandson Henry, the most inclusive and most farseeing historical imagination in our literature, regarded himself as a mere spectator of the political game. He had his own reasons for calling himself a "failure": every Adams was one. Success in politics always means another man's defeat; it is a dirty game that leaves everyone empty and disillusioned. That is a typical observation in these many brilliant letters—an incomparable commentary on politics, literature, science, and the world at large in the last half of the nineteenth century. John Quincy Adams won the Presidency in 1824 by making a deal with Henry Clay that damaged his reputation and made him a powerless President. Typically, he attributed his unpopularity to the inability of lesser minds to share his executive vision. The whole superfluous revenue should have "checkered [the Union] over with railroads and canals." The President sought a national university at Washington. When there was not a single astronomical observatory in the Western Hemisphere, he was ridiculed for advocating in his first message to Congress "lighthouses of the skies." It was a matter of course that "governments are invested with power to one end—the progressive improvement of the condition of the governed."

John Quincy Adams was alarmingly an intellectual. His father John Adams, the future first Vice President and second President, took little John Quincy along when he went to France as a commissioner during the Revolutionary War. "J.Q.A." began his higher education in Paris—at eleven. At thirteen he was at the University of Leiden, where he began the fullest diary of public life kept by a modern statesman. At twenty he was out of Harvard and was soon ready to practice law in Boston. But he disliked the law and was to refuse a seat on the Supreme Court. At twenty-seven he was minister to Holland and thereafter minister to Prussia, U.S. Senator from Massachusetts (while Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard), minister to Russia, chief of the delegation at Ghent that drew up the treaty with England ending the War of 1812, minister to England. As Monroe's Secretary of State, he negotiated the Florida treaty with Spain, got the Oregon boundary dispute postponed, secured the recognition of the independence from Spain of the Latin American countries, drafted the Monroe Doctrine, and himself did the research for the classic report he wrote on weights and measures. After being defeated for a second Presidential term by Andrew Jackson, he served as a congressman from Massachusetts for seventeen years. At eighty-one "Old Man Eloquent," as he was now called, collapsed and died in the House of Representatives after securing the defeat of the South's "Gag Bill" prohibiting the discussion of slavery.

I keep John Quincy Adams over my desk because I am fascinated by intellectuals in politics. From Robespierre to de Gaulle, the Adamses to Woodrow Wilson, they are so steeped in the past and confident of the future. (Like Trotsky, they are always surprised by their frustrations.) For four generations, either as statesmen or historians—the two Presidents were both—the Adamses were at the center of American politics. As early as 1869, they were the only Americans listed in Francis Galton's pioneer study, *Hereditary Genius*. But ending with and in Henry Adams, perhaps the most gifted, certainly the most theatrically disillusioned of them all, the family history, as Henry's father Charles Francis Adams said, "was not a pleasant history to remember."

In *Descent from Glory*, the most informative account we have of their troubles with each other, Paul C. Nagel notes that "no Adams made a comfortable accommodation to life." They were proud of virtually incarnating America's great beginnings but were easily irritated and made a point of being truculent. They had the highest expectations of themselves and always felt defeated. Henry was convinced that his grandfather "was disappointed because he was not supernatural." They were all writers—Henry is now recognized as a major one. They went everywhere, knew the luminaries of every period, described each experience in letters that often became works of art. Each of them was passionate about literature, and up to Henry, who was free to write, complained that their duty to the state kept them from literature as their chief love. But they actually wrote so much that Charles Francis Adams had a public library built just to hold their diaries, letters, records, family portraits. The voluminous Adams papers now being gradually published by the Massachusetts Historical Society are a nation-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

al archive in themselves. These magnificently edited first three volumes of Henry Adams's correspondence between 1858 and 1892 (three final volumes will eventually carry the letters to 1918) make it clearer than ever that the Adams family history is a national treasure.

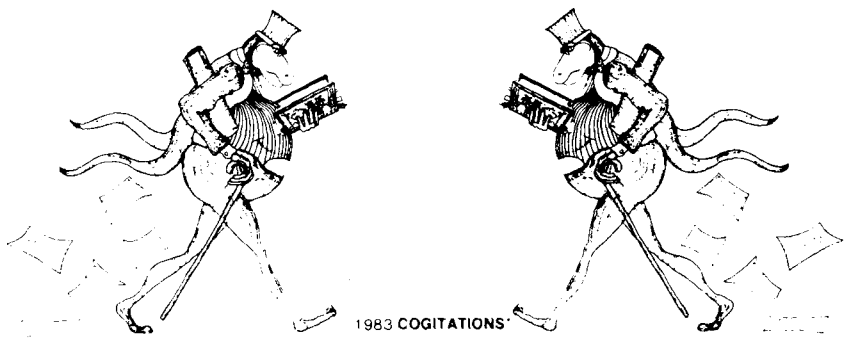
The story begins with a Puritan shoemaker and church deacon whose son John was the first of his family to enter Harvard. John became New England's most accomplished legal advocate in the colonies' struggle with England. John also had the wisdom and the great good luck to marry Abigail Smith. Though deprived of Harvard and unable to spell as well as her anxiously self-improved husband, extraordinary Abigail was the doughtiest of patriots, the most loving and most astringent of correspondents ("I would have you remember the ladies") to her husband. She alone kept farm and family together when "my dearest friend" was in Europe for years at a time negotiating the new republic's first treaties.

John and Abigail begat John Quincy, John Quincy and his "exotic" wife (one parent was from Maryland!) begat Charles Francis, Charles Francis with another Abigail (daughter of the richest man in New England) begat Henry. Henry with his clever but suicidal wife "Clover" begat nobody. Henry's sometimes fiendishly accomplished, subtle, and ironic mind has fascinated readers of *The Education of Henry Adams* ever since it was posthumously published in 1919. Because in skepticism, style, and general intellectual bravado it so clearly belonged to the 1920s, not to the exhausted innocence of his own century, the book was somehow born an American classic, became a best seller, won the Pulitzer Prize. No one loved it for the character the author presented of a man beyond all political hope. What will always fascinate those with a taste for history is Adams's personal experience of history and his grasp of events. I know of no other American, except his grandfather, who saw so much of the great world in Europe and America, described everything so closely, and so obsessively called himself a "failure." His ambition was to make of "History" a universal science.

"I seed de beginnin," Faulkner's Dilsey says about the Compson family in *The Sound and the Fury*, "en now I sees de endin." Henry Adams, born during the Administration of Martin Van Buren, felt that he was an eighteenth-century type like his forebears, but that he had been condemned as a man, privileged as an observer, to live through the greatest success story of modern times, the triumph of American capitalism. This brought what Henry's even more vitriolic brother Brooks called "the degradation of the democratic dogma." Before he died at eighty in wartime Washington, 1918, Henry had lived long enough to see "a new universe of winged bipeds . . . British airplanes sailing up and down under my windows at all hours." The airplane just stood for an extension of energy. Like the dynamo Adams immortalized in his contrast of the dynamo with the influence of the Virgin Mary over the Middle Ages, the airplane represented mechanical power—the real meaning of modern times, magnificently exciting but humanly self-defeating. As early as 1862, writing from England, Henry

COGITATIONS

ON LAW AND GOVERNMENT



. . .ROBUST. . .CAPTIVATING. . .INVIGORATING. . .

Announcing A Sprightly, New, National Quarterly on Law and Government . . .

Here Liberal Wits Battle Their Conservative Counterparts in a Scintillating Trial of Ideas.

Articles by Columnists Morton Kondracke and Donald Lambro; U.S. Congressman Henry Hyde; Law Professors Charles E. Rice, George Steven Swan, Erwin Chemerinsky; U.S. Senate Criminal Law Subcommittee Gen. Counsel William S. Miller, Jr.; Free Afghanistan Chairwoman Karen McKay; Washington Legal Foundation Gen. Counsel Daniel J. Popeo; Wilbur Foundation Literary Fellow Haven Bradford Gow; U.S. History Professor Thomas A. Krueger; and many more.

Subscribe Now; Get four Quarterly Issues of COGITATIONS® at the Reduced Annual Rate of $7.50.

RUSH me my first of four issues of the Quarterly **COGITATIONS®** (on Law and Government). I've enclosed the **low rate of $7.50.** Below is my mailing address:

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Send to: Subscriptions Department, **COGITATIONS**. Box 35, Gifford, IL 61847.

Articles on Abortion, Affirmative Action, Ancient History, Busing, Capital Punishment, Federalism, Reaganomics, School Prayer, the Soviet Invasion of Afghanistan and more.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wrote to a brother at the front that

> our good country the United States is left to a career that is positively unlimited except by the powers of the imagination. . . . You may think all this nonsense, but I tell you these are great times. Man has mounted science, and is now run away with it. I firmly believe that before many centuries more, science will be the master of man. The engines he will have invented will be beyond his strength to control. Some day science may have the existence of mankind in its power, and the human race commit suicide, by blowing up the world. Not only shall we be able to cruize in space, but I'll be hanged if I see any reason why some future generation shouldn't walk off like a beetle with the world on its back, or give it another rotary motion so that every zone should receive in turn its due portion of heat and light.

History was exciting—and frightening—because it showed a pattern. In the *Education*, which is not an autobiography (its publisher subtitled it that) but history demonstrating itself on a single life, Adams admitted that sequences are stories. He was writing a story. But like Zola engrossed by the hereditary determination of every human life, Adams saw in his own story, the last of the House of Adams, the inevitable decline and fall of the modern period. It was dedicated to nothing but the exponential increase of energy, and therefore must approach a limit that it would not know how to absorb. The ever-increasing concentration of the world's affairs on mechanical power already left man morally out of the picture. The humanities would become more and more introverted in an effort to escape history as nemesis.

Only an Adams could have personified so much history from the American Revolution to "Mr. Wilson's War." Only this Adams, who, while working on his "scientific" *History of the United States During the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson and James Madison* described Jefferson as a "grasshopper" helplessly struggling against history, could have projected so much historical powerlessness into his own life. Actually, so much "sense of an ending" was not in Adams's mind until December 6, 1885, when Clover took her life. In 1872 he had happily married the brilliant if neurasthenic Marian Hooper, and by 1877 had permanently left his teaching post at Harvard in order to live in Washington, just across Lafayette Square from the White House. He needed the State Department archives in order to begin his *History*. In *Descent from Glory* Paul Nagel shows that the Adamses also left Massachusetts because of the friction between Clover and Henry's rigid parents, who found their biting, easily depressed daughter-in-law not assimilable to their lofty standards.

THE ADAMSES as a family had always been tough on Clover; she was a Sturgis on her mother's side, and the Sturgises, though among the most distinguished New Englanders, had a sad history of instability. Clover's sister Ellen was also to be a suicide, and her brother Ned, after trying to do himself in, died in a mental hospital. Clover had lost her mother when she was five; she remained emotionally dependent on her widower father even after her marriage, and regularly wrote him a full account of the bridal couple's travels from Egypt and England. In Washington, each Sunday morning, she wrote her father an account of the social doings that the Adamses engaged in despite their scorn for most of the local politicos. (A story by Clover's friend Henry James had a character modeled on Henry Adams worrying to his wife that for Washington their taste was perhaps "a little too good." "Let's be democratic!" he says. "Let's invite the President!")

Dr. Robert Hooper, Clover's father, died on April 13, 1885. Clover's worst depression began in May. On a Sunday morning in December, when Henry was out, Clover took her life by swallowing the cyanide that as a photographer she used to develop pictures. Henry was forty-seven, "too young to die, too old to take up existence afresh." Years after he said that her death was "an open secret between myself and eternity," that he had been "thrown out of the procession."

In *The Education of Mrs. Henry Adams* Eugenia Kaladin easily convinces us that like Abigail Adams and so many other brilliant American women, Clover never had the education and intellectual training she deserved. Without being as hard on Henry's Adams-like stiffness as other feminist historians have been, she does make Clover's loneliness very probable—Henry was an unbelievable worker. He had always been the most restlessly inquisitive of traveling scholars; his early letters describing Garibaldi in Sicily and England during the Civil War are masterpieces of observation, as witty as they are penetrating. Now, after Clover's death, he went with the artist John LaFarge to Hawaii, Japan, Samoa, Tahiti. LaFarge's famous feeling for color was to help turn Adams from the austere historian into the sensuous memoirist of the *Education* and the pictorialist of the Middle Ages in *Mont-Saint-Michel & Chartres*.

The fullest and most extraordinary letters in these first three volumes were written from the South Seas to Elizabeth Cameron, the young and beautiful wife of Pennsylvania's aged Senator and political boss, Don Cameron. Adams the widower was in love with Mrs. Cameron, made his passion clear to her, but roamed the Orient for years in order to keep the proper distance. Probably the most famous of Adams's letters is his very long, very sensuous description of the naked "siva" dance by a Samoan woman—it was of course written to the elegant "Lizzie" Cameron in Washington he probably never so much as touched. Henry James, who was to be astonished by the sensuous qualities in the *Education*, never wrote anything so lustful and unashamed as Adams's tribute to "primitive woman." But perhaps Henry James never suffered the pangs that Henry Adams betrayed when he wrote to his unattainable Lizzie that all man knows of Paradise is in the "three little words which the eternal man says to the eternal woman."

IT WAS also typical of Adams's passion for total history that as a physical anthropologist of sorts he collected measurements of the Polynesian natives, made additions and corrections to Darwin's theory of how coral reefs originated, and left snobbish but marvelously graphic portraits of the emaciated and dying Robert Louis Stevenson, who had taken his riddled lungs to the South Seas. Adams's feeling for history, said his traveling companion John LaFarge, amounted to poetry. Of course he condescended to the Japanese, who like all Orientals were described as "child-like." But it was also typical of him to collect and analyze Japanese art before it became an influence on the West. With his special feeling for local expectations in every culture he studied, he also guessed, long before Japan broke out of its isolation, just how far its concentrated feudal "energy" would carry it in the modern world.

Adams's sense of history was so in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clusive that it understandably tempted him to put it into "law." Although he presumed to make a "science" of history, it was actually the art of history that he was best at—history as the actual appearance and complication of mankind, history as manners, pretense, personal ambition, and undying hatred. These letters, stretching over the last half of the nineteenth century, are truly amazing in their undeviating intelligence, knowledge, and witness to the triumph and heartbreak of history. From Boston to Tokyo, Washington to Palermo, London and Paris to Samoa, they make up such a record as no other American was privileged and gifted enough to leave.

Adams after his death in 1918 was to emerge as one of his century's recovered modernists—like Whitman, Melville, Dickinson. His sense of the tragedy of modern history was to make him one with Eliot, Hemingway, Joyce. Life, he wrote after Clover's death, "is a preposterous fraud." But like the author of *Ulysses*, he knew that tragedy, though we alone feel it, is in the "nightmare" of history, from which the artist seeks to "awaken" us. Behind Adams's sense of tragedy is that passionate identification with history that only the greatest artists have attained.

ALFRED KAZIN

Alfred Kazin's new book, *An American Procession*, will be published by Knopf early next year.

A JOURNALIST'S VENDETTA

The Price of Power: Kissinger in the Nixon White House by Seymour M. Hersh

(Summit Books, 698 pp., $19.95)

The Price of Power will become both an instant best seller and a book scholars will consult in the next century—for bad reasons as much as for good ones. Hersh has turned the formidable investigative skills that earned him the Pulitzer Prize for uncovering the My Lai massacre and cover-up to exploring not simply a circumscribed event, but four troubled years of American history.

The subtitle *Kissinger in the Nixon White House* is misleadingly restricted. As Hersh puts it in his brief but instructive introduction,

> This book is an account of the foreign policy of the United States, presided over by Henry Kissinger, during Richard Nixon's first term in the White House. It is also an account of the relationship between the two men who collaborated in what seemed to be a remarkable series of diplomatic triumphs.

This passage has two key words. One is "seemed," which accurately anticipates that Hersh will fault more than what most NEW REPUBLIC readers likely deplored, such as the secret bombing of Cambodia, the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, and the overthrow of Allende. He also criticizes what usually are viewed as Nixon foreign-policy successes—for example, strategic arms limitation, the Berlin settlement, and the opening to China. His criticisms are so varied that he not only takes the United States to task for backing anti-Communist South Vietnam but also for betraying anti-Communist Taiwan. He is able to do so because he writes out of an animus against the policymakers, not from a clear policy perspective of his own.

The other word is "relationship." Hersh seeks to show that bad foreign policy emerged from the conjunction of two deeply flawed personalities. In handling the relationship between Nixon and Kissinger, Hersh equivocates and presents imaginative reconstruction as fact, rather than acknowledging that he was not privy to their private meetings. In chapter two on the establishment of the National Security Council machinery, Hersh implies that Kissinger shaped policy by controlling how the issues and choices were framed to a lazy Nixon. Before chapter three is complete, however, a willful, vindictive Nixon is making the policy and a "fawning" Kissinger accommodates and implements. Hersh concludes the chapter, giving no indication of how he has been able to plumb Kissinger's mind, with the assertion that

> Coping with Nixon, pleasing him, and trying to find out what he really wanted were the most important priorities for Kissinger. They would become even more important than his own convictions about American foreign policy. Even more than finding a way out of the war in Vietnam.

Two more points from Hersh's introduction help establish what he has done and presage the book's difficulties. Hersh explains that he began his research fully aware that his interviews inevitably would lead him "to discover that personal ambition was sometimes entwined with diplomatic and strategic goals" and that "successful bargaining whether in White House meetings or at a summit was never an open process." He nevertheless "came to realize that even sophisticated public servants perceived something different about the conduct of foreign policy in Nixon's White House" and therefore set out to describe "that difference and its cost both to the participants and to the country."

The difficulty is that describing a difference calls for a comparison, which Hersh fails to offer. We are never told what other, more benign Presidencies he has in mind. Would Hersh be happier with Franklin Delano Roosevelt's policy toward the Spanish Loyalists than he is with Nixon's policies? Truman's use of the atomic bomb? Eisenhower's overthrow of Mossadegh and Arbenz? Kennedy's Bay of Pigs? Johnson's Vietnam escalation? Hersh's failure to establish a comparative standard poses major difficulties for his account since he never asks the hard questions posed by Max Weber and Reinhold Niebuhr about what constitutes honorable, moral behavior in the far from moral world of national and international politics.

Hersh's final introductory point is that his "basic information sources" are the thousand-odd interviews he conducted. In fact, however, he also draws heavily on documents and memoirs as well as other published sources. In stressing the interviews, he underplays his reliance on information already in print and overplays the novelty of his interview findings. The overall account of foreign policy from 1969 to January 1973 in *The Price of Power* is in the public record, as are many of the anecdotes about machinations and political cut and thrust.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Much of the force of Hersh's narrative comes from his angry, vivid recapitulations of well-known events. It has long been known (thanks to Hersh's work a decade ago) that the United States secretly bombed Cambodia. It has also been widely reported that assassination squads were used against Viet Cong cadre. No one could deny that the United States failed to leap to the aid of starving Biafrans and victims of massacres in what is now Bangladesh. Hersh's impassioned summary of the familiar is still valuable. His recapitulation of the record, however, has the rhetorical effect of leading readers and reviewers to accept reports of previously unknown events as accurate, even though they are poorly documented.

EVEN the most widely publicized of Hersh's revelations has its strongest support in a source already in print rather than an interview. This is Hersh's claim that in the 1968 campaign Kissinger worked both sides of the street, seeking to ingratiate himself with his two possible employers, Nixon and Humphrey. That Kissinger secretly provided the Republicans with information about the status of the Paris negotiations was reported in Nixon's memoirs. Hersh embellishes Nixon's quite detailed account mainly by using an interview with Richard Allen. Allen, however, is no disinterested observer on matters concerning Kissinger, who in 1969 forced Allen to resign from the Nixon National Security Council staff. Allen, moreover, is a spokesman for the hard-line conservative foreign policy school of thought which holds that Kissinger was soft on the Soviet Union.

Hersh's report that Kissinger offered (but did not deliver) Rockefeller's "shit files" on Nixon is also derived from a man not known for his sympathy to Kissinger, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Brzezinski's fellow Humphrey foreign policy adviser, Samuel Huntington, has since recalled that, as he understood it, the files did not contain off-the-record dirt, but were rather a convenient catalogue of Nixon's statements on foreign affairs that could have been used in writing Democratic campaign speeches. In any case, they never came. Overall, what remains standing in Hersh's portrait of Kissinger as a double dealer may not be particularly edifying, but scarcely qualifies as a bombshell.

Hersh's use of a right-wing Kissinger critic as a major informant for his 1968 campaign account is matched by his reliance on former Kissinger associates who have since moved to the left and disavowed Kissinger—for example Morton Halperin, Roger Morris, and Daniel Ellsberg. Not surprisingly, and for an especially good reason in the case of the wire-tapped Halperin, they have vivid reports of Kissinger's faults and none of his merits.

"Despite my many requests, neither Kissinger nor Nixon agreed to be interviewed for this book," Hersh reports. This assertion may have been meant simply to identify gaps in his information. The implication, however, is that they did not dare to face him. Nixon and Kissinger nevertheless provide Hersh with many telling points through their memoirs, which are unintentionally as well as intentionally revealing, and inconsistent with each other in ways that Hersh deftly notes.

HERSH'S inability to interview the men who have provided him with so much published raw material is less problematic than another failure that he does not note. Of the seven men Kissinger describes in *The White House Years* as his core aides, Hersh succeeded in interviewing only one, Harold Saunders, Kissinger's Middle East specialist. And Saunders is not quoted on matters about which his testimony might have been favorable to Kissinger and to Nixon-era foreign policy and policymaking. Hersh's one "juicy" reference to Saunders (the claim that he vainly struggled early on to get Kissinger to pay attention to Middle East policy) is hearsay and plainly was not checked with Saunders. (The book ends in 1972, and so does not discuss Kissinger's intense involvement in the precedent-shattering undertaking of shuttle diplomacy.)

The first news reports on Hersh's book, based on advance review copies, appeared on June 2, eleven days before the publication date. Given the book's length and the multitude of events reported in it, the initial discussion served more to reveal people's views of Kissinger than to address the book's contents. There has been a massive discrepancy between debate about the general merits of Hersh's endeavor and reasoned discourse about his findings. The discrepancy was beautifully captured in a Russell Baker fantasy that appeared in *The New York Times* on June 15, just two days after the book's official publication date. Baker described two Hersh haters on their way to hiss the author of *The Price of Power*. What did they know about the contents of Hersh's book? Nothing. They had been too busy protesting to read it. Plainly the book was also applauded rather than read thoroughly by many in the anti-Kissinger camp.

THE HERSH haters might well have continued to hiss after finishing it, and Kissinger opponents might have been given pause by a close reading. After two readings, I conclude that the difficulty in assessing it arises not because it is long, or because Kissinger has become sacrosanct, but rather because so many of its claims are challengeable, though they are presented in ways that make challenging them a Hersh-like investigative enterprise itself. Unraveling them all could well take a book the length of Hersh's. This point is best illustrated by considering a single claim—one to which Hersh frequently returns. I mean his references to Nixon's alleged reliance on a "madman theory" in policymaking.

Introduced on page fifty-three, last mentioned on page six hundred and thirty-six, and referred to at twenty-two points in the text, the "theory" stems from a strategy for achieving a settlement with North Vietnam that Nixon modeled after Eisenhower's response to the stalemated Korean peace talks. While overtly negotiating, Eisenhower covertly signaled to China that if progress was not made toward a truce, he would order devastating air attacks. The signals were covert in order not to kindle protest in the West, but transmitted in ways that were sure to reach the Chinese leaders. Nixon's covert signals included the secret bombing of Cambodia. Hersh argues (but imperfectly documents) that they also included putting the Strategic Air Command on Def Con I, the hair-trigger alert status that immediately precedes a nuclear attack—a chillingly dangerous message designed to be picked up by Soviet surveillance.

Nixon, Hersh believes, wanted Hanoi to think of him as maniacally aggressive—capable of employing any degree of violence. Hence the madman theory. But the notion that he held the theory has only one source—H. R. Haldeman's *The Ends of Power*. One of the weakest entries in the Watergate literature, *The*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ends of Power was compiled by Joseph DiMona, a newsman, from notes that Haldeman made in spare moments during the hearings, trial, and appeal that took place before he entered prison. Haldeman acknowledges that many of his quotations are "simply my best effort to reconstruct what I said on the basis of my memory." As quoted by Hersh, here is Haldeman's report of Nixon's account of the madman theory:

> "I call it the madman theory," he said. "I want the North Vietnamese to believe I've reached the point where I might do *anything* to stop the war. We'll just slip the word to them that, 'for God's sake, you know Nixon is obsessed about Communists. We can't restrain him when he's angry—and he has his hand on the nuclear button' and Ho Chi Minh himself will be in Paris in two days begging for peace."

Hersh dates the conversation as "sometime early in 1969," does not mention Haldeman's caveat about his reports of conversations, and misses introductory passages making it clear that Haldeman's reference was to a 1968 conversation during the hectic campaign period, a conversation held under circumstances unlikely to contribute to reliable memory. "We were walking along a foggy beach after a long day of speechwriting," Haldeman says in the sentence immediately before Hersh's quotation begins. Six paragraphs later, it's worth noting, Haldeman makes another observation Hersh does not quote, one completely at odds with Hersh on the Nixon-Kissinger relationship, and grist for the archival scholars of the future:

> I hope, among the tapes which will eventually be revealed, that some of the conversations between these two men survive. Americans have all read the transcripts of tapes in which Nixon raves, rants, and curses about Watergate. But the tapes of Nixon and Kissinger will disclose another side of the President. In foreign affairs he had a comprehensive, wide-ranging mind, and a precise grasp of the political realities involved in every situation. Kissinger was greatly impressed with Nixon's mind. And Kissinger was a brilliant theorist who could place every problem in perspective and use historical precedent to help evaluate suggested options.

Apart from citing Haldeman's memory of a conversation about the madman theory, Hersh's further evidence that Nixon held the theory—and continued to hold and act on it after Ho Chi Minh failed to sue for peace in two days—does not stand up at all. First, not realizing that the conversation took place in the campaign, Hersh says, "It is highly likely that Kissinger was responsible for Nixon's adoption of the phrase." But Kissinger did not meet Nixon until after the election. Hersh's reason for attributing the theory to Kissinger is itself implausible: in 1959 then defense intellectual Daniel Ellsberg lectured to Kissinger's seminar at Harvard on the possible strategic use of feigned madness as a way to frighten political adversaries. Secondly, in a footnote seventy-five pages later, presented to show how deeply secret Nixon's nuclear strike alert was, Hersh explains that the former Kissinger aides he interviewed did not know of the alert and even acknowledged they were not aware of Nixon's "madman theory." He never considers the possibility that they were unaware of it because it did not exist.

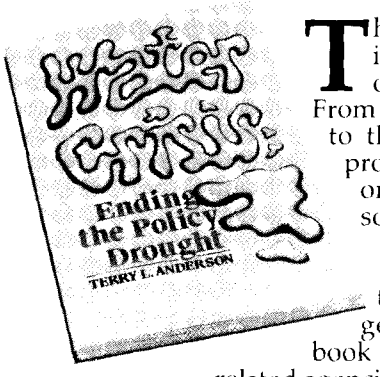
One reason why readers are likely to take the madman theory seriously is that Hersh regularly mentions it. A second is that many of Hersh's other characterizations of Nixon suggest psychic derangement. No observers have suggested that Nixon was consistently at peace with himself. Hersh's Nixon, however, rages, is given to bouts of drunkenness, and exhibits obsessive racist preoccupations. As usual, the evidence is uneven, but the presentation of it is frighteningly lurid.

Hersh's repeated references to the "madman theory" and the sheer number of his often weakly grounded claims make for strong rhetoric but weak reasoning. The *Newsweek* reviewer, for example, takes Hersh to have said that Nixon and Kissinger "never intended to end the war: they intended to win it." Not sensing that in the political and military setting of the time this probably was a distinction without a difference, the reviewer adds,

> to this end Kissinger encouraged Nixon in his "madman theory": a plan to make the North Vietnamese think that Nixon was so obsessed by Communism he might press the nuclear button.

In general, *The Price of Power* is a one-sided prosecutor's brief. The volume

WATER CRISIS:
Ending the Policy Drought



The ***Wall Street Journal*** calls it "the issue of the '80s." ***Newsweek*** warns of "the browning of America." From the Peripheral Canal in California to the sinkholes in Florida, the approaching water crisis is increasingly on the nation's mind. Terry Anderson, a natural resource economist at Montana State University, offers a unique and informative perspective on the issue that could be bigger than the energy crisis. "This book has created quite a stir in water-related agencies in Washington," says Richard L. Stroup of the Department of the Interior. ***$7.95. 121 pp.***

"Informative, provocative, imaginative, and comprehensive."

—Marion Clawson
Resources for the Future

Please enclose payment with your order.
Cato Institute, Dept. NR,
224 Second Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003.
Also in hardback from The Johns Hopkins University Press.

CATO INSTITUTE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Hersh's assertions is intimidating. Some of them seem persuasive. Others call for more legwork. Still others simply dissolve on close reading. And many can be checked only when the archives open. The Nixon papers, now at a National Archives warehouse in Alexandria, Virginia, will be moved later in the decade to the Nixon Library in San Clemente. This fall, as Clement Vose explains in an article scheduled for publication in the summer issue of the American Political Science Association journal *P.S.*, nineteen hundred file cartons of papers from the files of Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dean, and Colson, among others, will be opened to researchers. The problem is that the kind of primary source data needed to address the most critical issues raised by Hersh remains classified. In the case of the tapes—four thousand hours in all—it will take an estimated three more years for archivists to copy and review them, eliminating the classified national security material so that their release can be authorized.

DECLASSIFICATION of national security documents is so slow that the National Security Council meetings dealing with the collapse of French resistance in Indochina in 1954 became available only last summer. A few years earlier the telephone conversations and other private communications between Eisenhower and Dulles began to emerge, making it possible for the first time for an historian to document another controversial relationship between a President and his top national security adviser. A tour de force analysis by Richard Immerman, a historian at the University of Hawaii, entitled "Eisenhower and Dulles: Who made the Decisions?" (*Political Psychology*, Autumn 1979), shows that most of the contemporary interpretations of that relationship were wrong or too simple. Comparable tests of many of Hersh's assertions may not occur until the years 2005 to 2010, at which time his book will be looked at again.

Lamentably, the requirements of national security often conceal knowledge that might in fact enhance security by providing lessons from the past. We desperately need to unravel the causes of such deceptive policies as the bloody four years of the Nixon-Kissinger Vietnamization. It would be a great mischief to convey the notion that the causes lay in the psychopathology of leaders, if in fact they were different and more complex—if they lay, for example, in ideologies, geopolitical beliefs, and efforts to placate domestic constituencies. Since it is important that we are not misled and since we cannot simply wait for declassification, in the extended short run investigative journalism often will have to stand for documentary research. This makes it vital that investigators and their readers weigh evidence, avoid simplistic explanations, and seek to transform the heat of their feelings into light rather than fire. It is a pity that Hersh has failed to do so.

FRED I. GREENSTEIN

Fred I. Greenstein is professor of politics at Princeton University and author of *The Hidden-Hand Presidency: Eisenhower as Leader* (Basic Books).

THE REAL AND THE REVEALED

The Witness of Poetry
by Czeslaw Milosz

(Harvard University Press, 121 pp., $8.95)

"Is non-eschatological poetry possible?" A smart shudder of embarrassment passed through the crowd at Harvard University when Czeslaw Milosz asked this question. It seemed to put the burden of proof upon the enemies of the eschaton. It was surely not a proper question of poetics. The occasion was the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, which were not set up as a spiritual exercise. But Czeslaw Milosz's were. They began with the announcement that "all my life I have been in the power of a daimonion, and how the poems dictated by him came into being I do not quite understand," and they continued with six weeks of unfamiliar thinking. The audience met this disruption of common critical discourse by putting it in its place. It was "Slavic," even "very Slavic," turgid like another tradition and metaphysically anxious like another part of the world. The poet himself insisted upon the origins of his speculations in the little known line of Polish literature and Polish history. His point was that his speculations were appropriate to his life; he was unaware, perhaps, that he was coming to his auditors' aid, that he was providing them with a kind of anthropological reassurance that the ultimate urgency about which he spoke was not binding upon them. Maybe it was not. The velocity of history has been slower here. Still, even here Milosz's stark spirituality cannot be easily evaded. It feels profoundly pertinent even to somebody who has suffered differently and suffered less. The poet's Polishness is finally beside the point. Terror is not the only condition for transcendence, though it helps.

The Witness of Poetry, the text of his Norton Lectures, is the credo of a great poet. It reveals that Milosz is really a religious thinker. His religiousness is not "tacit," as a critic recently claimed; it is explicit, as it has been in his poems for many years. What is tacit, in this book, is his politics. The politics, to be sure, are anti-Communist; and the authority of Milosz's anticommunism is pretty much absolute. He is angry at universalism and utopianism. "The young cannibals who, in the name of inflexible principles, butchered the population of Cambodia, had graduated from the Sorbonne," he observes, "and were simply trying to implement the philosophic ideas they had learned." (This is like the joke about the cannibal who remarked in the middle of his meal that this was better than what they served at the London School of Economics.) Milosz reveres, instead, human custom. And he reveres the Roman patrimony of his country—"Latin as the language of the church and of literature, the theological quarrels of the Middle Ages, Latin poetry as a model for Renaissance poets, white churches in the baroque style."

All of this might make him suspect, as he puts it, "of entering into an alliance with reactionaries, for in our century it is they who are the rear guard defending a discrimination among val-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ues." The rhetoric may sound a little stiff, so let us agree at once that there are allies of reactionaries and there are allies of reactionaries. Milosz is not the kind who praises Edmund Burke from the Waldorf Towers. His reverence for human custom is based upon the personal participation in it. The same is true of his religiousness. He does not shill for the spiritual life, or for its civil utility; he lives spiritually. For this reason his credo is not precisely criticism, but something more primary. For this reason, too, Milosz does not carry his faith like a flag. His quarrels with Western literature and Western politics are many, but he is nobody's scourge. He seeks to illuminate, but not quite to influence. This is the humility of the genuinely conservative, and the privacy of the genuinely religious. It is also the restraint of a man who bears many of ideology's scars, who is familiar with the consequences of forcing the soul's certainties upon society.

PERHAPS the most paradoxical feature of this century is that it is the century for which the spiritual should be most obvious. How could the slaughters of Hitler and Stalin, and the Communist captivity of half of Europe and most of Asia, not shake the soul? The striking thing about Milosz's insistence upon a dimension of the holy is its appositeness to the age. Milosz's raised point of regard, his feud with the aesthetic and scientific circumscriptions of reality, is a perfectly plausible response to the events he has experienced. It is not a leap of faith. History leapt; he did not. Like the Siennese and Florentine painters of the late fourteenth century, who responded to the *mortalità* of the Black Death with a rudely transcendental art—nothing so fearfully foreshadows the corpse-consciousness of the mid-twentieth century as Boccaccio's opening pages—Milosz demands a more decisive knowledge. "Veni Creator," he called a poem written in 1961.

Come, Holy Spirit,
bending or not bending the grasses,
appearing or not above our heads in a tongue of flame,
at hay harvest or when they plough in the orchards or when snow
covers crippled firs in the Sierra Nevada.
I am only a man: I need visible signs.
I tire easily, building the stairway of abstraction.
Many a time I asked, you know it well,
that the statue in church
lift its hand, only once, just once, for me.

Nor is he the only one whose power of religious perception has been quickened by the horrors of his history. Leszek Kolakowski, the other intellectual who was Poland's loss and our gain, long ago exchanged the scholastics of the Party for the scholastics of the Church. (In 1976 I sat in Kolakowski's seminar at All Souls and heard him explain all that Lucien Goldmann did not understand about Pascal; it remains in my memory as an exemplary exercise of the uncaptive mind.) There are sufferings that put the purely secular to shame, that create a need for meanings that neither reason nor society can satisfy. The secularization of modern life was anyway an exaggeration; a lot of religion remained. But there is no way that some of the traditional themes of religion can be dodged after the scale and the style of contemporary carnage.

Much has been written about the collapse of the eighteenth century in the calamities of the twentieth century—too much, because the rejection of the Enlightenment was as much responsible for what occurred as the acceptance of the Enlightenment. Still, for the walking wounded, the untragic point of view is insufficient. It cannot have answers to questions it cannot ask. And there is no point of view that is less tragic than Marxism. It continues to reproduce the instrumental illusion of the last centuries, the confidence in man's demiurgic power over society, as if nothing ever happened. This has the consequence of cynicism, which seems to be the most popular feeling east of the Elbe. It also has the consequence of an intellectual crackup, of a necessary exchange of new lies for old truths. Milosz has exchanged the lethal shallowness of this tradition for its ancient antithesis. His solution is the resacralization of the world.

Milosz brandishes a belief in miracles. "The desire for the miraculous . . . the universal human longing for liberation from what is cold as two times two is four" is what he defends against all forms of determinism. It is like Simone Weil's defense of grace against gravity, which Milosz admires. (He was one of the earliest partisans of her work.) By the miraculous, however, he does not mean the epiphanous. He wants not a disruption of the natural order, but a more strenuous relationship with it. His subject—in his poetry and in his prose—is the proper interpretation of appearances. He calls poetry "the passionate pursuit of the Real"; the capital R refers to something more than ordinary cognition, but not quite to mysticism. Milosz is a poet of the subject-object relationship. He never quits the senses. He trusts them more than the mind. Their relationship to reality is immediate, and they offer a kind of certainty; this certainty is quietly celebrated in *The World (A Naive Poem)*, a cycle of poems that may be the most beautiful Milosz has written. His literary and spiritual style, in fact, can be characterized as *vrai naif*.

The Norton Lectures begin with the observation that "both individuals and human societies are constantly discov-

"What would we do without Mr. O'Neill?
How could we win without **him**?
Oh, how he loves to defend the New Deal,
All the way out on a limb.
Taxing and spending are what he does best,
Helping the deficit soar.
Even Fritz Mondale is getting depressed.
Please give the
speaker the floor."

For a free copy of the current issue of National Review write to Dept. R-15. 150 East 35th St., New York., N.Y. 10016.

PUT YOUR BELIEFS INTO ACTION. . . .

OPEN **Invest in Open Housing**

Help fight racial segregation. Invest in a non-profit fund which finances affordable mortgages for minorities and whites making housing moves that foster racially diverse neighborhoods.

For facts, clip and mail to:

Morris Milgram NR 36
Fund for an OPEN Society
1901 East-West Highway, T-2
Silver Spring, MD 20910

Name: _____
Address: _____
_____ Zip: _____

This is not an offer to sell these securities. The offering is made only by the Investment Description—available only in states where these securities may be offered.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ering new dimensions accessible only to direct experience." Directness is Milosz's criterion of spiritual significance. His book is an attack on all forms of indirection, on all the interceptions of experience by ideas. This master of form and historian of literature speaks sternly against the contrivances of classicism, because they clutter the elementary connections between the writer and the world, and even close them off; "a quarrel exists between classicism and realism," he writes ruefully, between aestheticism and a really ambitious art. Milosz's poetry is written, therefore, from a principled plainness. In this respect he is like George Herbert: "Is all good structure in a winding stair? / May no lines passe, except they do their dutie / Not to a true, but painted chair?" Art's traffic is with things, which are an avenue of access to truth; and truth is simple, and comes sometimes in small sizes. Many of his lyrics are tranquil studies of telling details. ("Mittelbergheim," an early poem, is a deeply affecting prayer for this poetic project.) In Milosz's hands, metaphysics are modest.

If this were all, however, Milosz would be only the heir of Rilke. It is not all. The experience of history accompanies the experience of nature. The thesis of *The Witness of Poetry* is that these experiences are epistemologically similar. "The historical dimension," Milosz hastened to add in his first lecture, is also directly discovered. And, later: "The twentieth century has given us a most simple touchstone for reality: physical pain." Pain, too, is immediate—so immediate that contemporary philosophers have worried that it is not possible to know another person's. It, too, is certain. It, too, when it comes from tyrants and torturers, is a form of the subject-object relationship—a rather pure form. And nothing is more naive than pain. There is a reason, therefore, that Milosz's acquaintance with terror reminds him of his acquaintance with trees. Both are revealed; and the consequence of revelation, of the feeling that forces from outside have intruded, is a sense of situation, of what is above and what is below. When Milosz writes that "all reality is hierarchical," this is not the usual sentimentality for order, or love for law. It is the lesson of a life that has consisted in the constant learning of its own limits, which have been taught by gardens as well as by prisons. The pursuer of the Real pursued by the real—that is Milosz's full plot.

Milosz's book is very concerned with the pessimistic tone of modern poetry. His concluding lecture "On Hope" offers optimism on the basis of what Milosz takes to be a new need for the past that the spread of knowledge and the reproduction of art are purveying across the planet. It is not terribly persuasive—certainly not as persuasive as his own pessimism, which he has not successfully shed. He still sounds a bit like a "catastrophist," as his literary circle in Wilno in the 1930s was called; and catastrophism is rather right in a world that may be wrecked by nuclear war or wrecked by totalitarian rule. As Milosz himself admits, there is a high price to be paid for "the human family" to which the poet Oskar Milosz, a millenarian cousin who died in 1939, aspired. "If we must choose the poetry of such an unfortunate country as Poland to learn that the great schism . . . is curable, then the knowledge brings no comfort." Yet there is comfort elsewhere. *The World (A Naive Poem)* includes a poem called "Hope," which provides a rather different prescription against pessimism than the one he gave at Harvard:

Hope means that someone believes the earth
Is not a dream, that it is living flesh;
That sight, touch, hearing tell the truth;
And that all the things we have known here
Are like a garden, looked at from the gate.

You can't go in; but you can see it's there.
And if we could see clearly and more wisely
We know we'd find in the world's garden
Some new flower or undiscovered star.

Some people think our eyes deceive us; they say
That there is nothing but a pretty seeming:
And just these are the ones who don't have hope.
They think that when a person turns away
The whole world vanishes behind his back
As if a clever thief had snatched it up.

That is one of the many advantages of gardens over prisons. They don't make you long for a clever thief.

LEON WIESELTIER

A CHALLENGE TO MATERIALISM

Report on the Shroud of Turin
by John H. Heller

(Houghton Mifflin, 225 pp., $15.95)

The well-known paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould once made the suggestion that Darwin delayed publishing his ideas about evolution for twenty years not because his research was incomplete in the 1830s but because the intellectual climate was still dominated by the bishops and all that they stood for. By the 1850s, however (when *The Origin of Species* was published), scientific materialism was strong enough to assert its hegemony. This is interesting because it suggests that what we think of as "true" depends not simply on "the facts" but rather on an underlying world view. Darwin realized (perhaps subconsciously) that he would have to wait until materialism was securely in place before he could venture to publish ideas troubling to clergymen.

Materialism is the idea—some would say ideology—that the entire universe consists of nothing but empty space and bits of matter in motion. All mental and spiritual phenomena can satisfactorily be reduced to material events (or dismissed as illusory). Since materialism's triumph scientists have been roughly divided into two camps: the hardliners, who regard materialism as a sufficient explanation of the world (this view conveniently elevates scientists into a priesthood because they, after all, are the only ones who really study matter and motion); and the pluralists, for want of a better name, who think that the laws of matter and motion are necessary but not sufficient to explain the visible, tangible universe. For them science is true, but it does not monopolize truth. There is, in short, Something Else. Nonmaterial forces can start the billiard balls of matter rolling. (How else can my mind push this pen?)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your old friend, Saturday Review.

America's Literature & Arts Magazine.

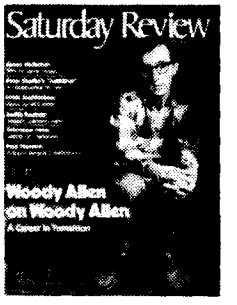
"Excellent articles and reviews, interesting and provocative, written to enlighten and inform . . ."

Norman Cousins
Editor Emeritus

Say hello to an old friend, **Saturday Review**, and keep current on what's in, what's out, and what's up . . . with articles and reviews of books and authors, theater, movies, art, dance and travel. You'll be keeping in touch with Norman Cousins' timely editorials, Stanley Kauffmann's theater reviews, Thomas Middleton's thoughts on language, Judith Crist's movie reviews, Trade Winds and our famous puzzles.

Our subscribers include lawyers, teachers, professors, doctors, musicians, painters, sculptors . . . people who have an appreciation for America's literature and the arts. Have you read any good friends lately?

Subscribe now for only $15 the first year!



Saturday Review: P.O. Box 10007; Des Moines, Iowa 50340. KH100

☐**Yes!** I want to start receiving my old friend, **Saturday Review**, so I can keep current on what's in, what's out, and what's up in literature and the arts.

Please send me: ☐1 Year, $15 ☐2 Years, $28 ☐3 Years, $40

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send a friend an old friend. A thought-provoking gift for Christmas, anniversaries, birthdays, Mother's Day, Father's Day or any other special occasion. Send a friend . . . **Saturday Review.**

☐Payment Enclosed
☐Please bill me
Charge my: ☐Visa or
☐MasterCard

_____
Account No.

_____ _____
Initials Expires

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Early pluralists included the British astronomers Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, who intensely irritated the materialist Bertrand Russell by adopting an "agnostic" attitude toward materialism. Russell worried that they threatened the new "faith in science," which he regarded as "the only constructive creed of modern times." Pluralists tend to reduce scientists to ordinary mortals: to people who put trousers on one leg at a time, bicycle off to labs where they don white coats with rows of inky ballpoints in the top pocket, and on Sunday may actually go to church!

For some time now—perhaps since Russell's attacks on Jeans and Eddington in the 1930s—the materialists have been waging war on the scientific pluralists. (How much better, after all, to officiate at the high altar than to sit in the pews.) It is not generally recognized, for example, that the current evolution/creation debate is an engagement in this war. The leading participants on the creationist side—who are often portrayed as Bible-thumpers but have science Ph.D.s—are in fact scientists. The evolutionists are defending not so much science as the hegemony of science.

John H. Heller is a scientist who undoubtedly belongs in the pluralist camp. "By faith I am a Christian; specifically a Southern Baptist," he begins his book. "By profession I am a scientist; specifically a biophysicist." He tells us right off that he is bothered by "the hubris of science." Currently with the New England Institute, he for many years taught medicine, pathology, and biophysics at Yale. One day in 1978 a friend at M.I.T. called him and persuaded him to join a scientific team—physicists, engineers, photographers, chemists—who would later be given permission to study the Shroud of Turin. The team, which included the Deputy Coroner of Los Angeles, came from a variety of institutions including the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, and the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory.

In a brief introduction to the book, the shroud is described as

> a linen cloth, fourteen feet long and three and a half feet wide. The threads were handspun and the fabric handwoven in a three-to-one herringbone twill. On the long fabric are two faint, straw colored images, one of the front and the other of the back of a nude man who was apparently scourged and crucified with the hands over the pelvis. The images appear head to head, as though a body had been laid on its back at one end of the fabric, which was then drawn over to cover the front of the body.
>
> The cloth has many burn holes and scorches; the holes have been patched. There are also large water stains. Although the cloth appeared in France 630 years ago, its history is obscure.

Many people think the shroud is the burial cloth of Jesus Christ. The image on it is a perfect photographic negative. When the shroud was first photographed (in 1898) the negative plate showed the "positive" image for the first time, and it revealed a figure bearing a striking resemblance to traditional depictions of Jesus. The shroud, kept in Turin, is very rarely shown to the public, and it wasn't until its display in 1973 that Americans in any number became aware of its existence. It was displayed again in 1978, and its ecclesiastical custodians then consented to a full-scale scientific investigation of the shroud.

Heller's task was to find out if there is blood on the shroud. Eventually he found some, although he only had minute samples to work with. The literary technique he uses to tell how the research team was assembled, went about its work in Turin, and returned to the United States with the data, is extremely effective. The story is told in the best journalistic fashion, with scenes and dialogue, the attitude and outlook of the participants emerging in the course of the story. Detailed scientific experiments in such obscure realms as microspectrophotometry are made palatable, even intriguing to the lay reader, whose attention is held as though by a detective story. The manuscript was evidently edited with professional skill.

The shroud came through all the tests with its reputation intact, indeed enhanced. (The carbon-14 dating test of the cloth has not yet been carried out, however.) Members of the team do not believe the image was forged. Heller adds:

> Nothing in all the findings of the shroud crowd in three years contained a single datum that contravened the Gospel accounts. The stigmata on the body did not follow art or legend. They were of life. They were medically accurate evidence of a man who had been scourged with a flagrum-type device, by two men; who had carried something rough and heavy across his shoulders, which had been bruised; who had had something placed on his head that had caused punctuate bleeding wounds over the scalp and forehead; who had lesions on nose and knee commensurate with a fall; who had been beaten about the face; who had been crucified in the anatomically correct loci, the wrists. . . .

The team could not establish how the image was formed. No known hypotheses really fit the facts. Nor do they know that it is Jesus's shroud and image. There is no test that would decisively rule out all other candidates. Still, as Heller says: "If a similar number of data had been found in the funerary linen attributed to Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan or Socrates, there would be no doubt in anyone's mind that it was indeed the shroud of that historical person." He adds that there are "thousands on thousands of pieces of funerary linen going back to millennia before Christ, and another huge number of linens of Coptic Christian burials. On none of these is there any image of any kind."

On the last page of the book Heller casually mentions that "many team members were ordered or threatened to desist from the project, yet they persevered." Orders and threats? From the citadel of Science, where the disinterested pursuit of truth is the only consideration?

IT DOESN'T surprise me. The shroud poses quite a challenge to scientific materialism. The materialists can't ignore it, because it is a piece of material, amenable to the very quantification in which they have vested so much faith, hope, and federal grant money. But lo and behold, the more it is measured, the more it seems to lend support to the very world view to which materialism was opposed in the first place. Worse, the shroud seems to record, in photographic snapshot, the one event in history that is so dramatically at odds with the materialist outlook that even many a theologian has flinched from literalism: the Resurrection!

Of course the materialists are not going to fold up and disappear in the face of a piece of linen cloth. But is not materialism already crumbling? Science now definitely seems to be declining in prestige—a recent phenomenon. Hardly anyone now believes that "science" will work wonders in the way that we used to think it would. The extraordinary

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

faith in science, starting about 1850 and lasting until perhaps twenty years ago, is now quickly dissipating. (Does anyone, for example, believe in progress nowadays?) Science no longer has "the force." Notice incidentally that films of the *Star Wars* genre, although decked out in modern technological dress, defer to the profound contemporary boredom with scientific materialism, and land us back in a diametrically opposed world of magic, wizards, good and evil. Likewise *Omni* does not quite seem to correspond to what Bertrand Russell or Julian Huxley might have expected of a science mag for the masses. (In his book *The Socialist Phenomenon*, the Soviet mathematician Igor Shafarevich suggests that science declined in prestige precisely because it became "too popular and widespread, and ceased being the secret knowledge of a select few.")

It's also worth noting that the left has pretty much given up on science as the up-to-date solution to social ills. If anything it has become antiscience. And it is hard to deny that science has not delivered as expected in the nineteenth century. There have been too many world wars, scientific exterminations, atomic bombs, and now genetic engineering. Twenty years ago you would often hear the word "scientific" used imprecisely to mean "irrefutable, true, and wise." You rarely hear that now, and you don't hear about "scientific socialism" either, except perhaps in the Kremlin.

Leftist ideas are still with us, but today they are more and more associated with churches, clergymen and nuns, and couched in moral terms. This suggests that religion is once again the rising force. Maybe we have known this for some time. Popes and ayatollahs are roaming the earth once again, and their power now seems to exceed that of conventional politicians. Who, today, can gather in solemn assembly and issue a warning about nuclear weapons? Not nuclear scientists but bishops. Darwin would have been surprised. T. H. Huxley, who always wanted a good fight but was said late in life to have been disappointed by the rapid collapse of his clerical opposition, should be alive today.

If it is true that we are passing through another sea change comparable but opposite to the one enjoyed by Darwin, then I suppose the Shroud of Turin may in retrospect be seen to have added its contribution. Whatever one's view, the shroud is certainly a remarkable artifact, and if regarded as miraculous, both in its origin and in its preservation, it does seem to be a miracle tailor-made for the twentieth century—the first time in history when the techniques of material analysis reached a point where it became possible for a team of scientists to find out as much as this one did. Heller's contribution, both literary and scientific, is noteworthy.

TOM BETHELL

Tom Bethell is Washington editor of *The American Spectator*.

CRUELTY BEGINS AT HOME

For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence by Alice Miller

(Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 284 pp., $16.50)

With the wide-eyed bloodthirstiness of a protected child, I used to pore over a gruesome German children's book called *Der Struwwel Peter*. In it, boys and girls were mercilessly punished for youthful transgressions. The illustrations were grisly—especially the portrait of a poor thumbsucker holding out his hands, bleeding stumps where his thumbs had been. The offending digits had been snipped off.

That book and innocent horror came to mind as I read *For Your Own Good* by Swiss psychoanalyst Alice Miller, whose *Prisoners of Childhood* won her a large audience, lay and professional, in this country two years ago. Her new book is peculiarly German, the world it refers to is unfamiliar and authoritarian. The "poisonous pedagogy" Dr. Miller analyzes has its roots in eighteenth-century German pedagogical manuals, which prescribed ruthless methods for driving out childish "wickedness and willfulness"—not exactly the style here, where even sensible Dr. Spock is a little too strict for many permissive experts' tastes; Puritan techniques for the salvation of small devils are relics of America's more repressive past, studied by historians but suffered by few these days. In Germany, however, the traumatic taming of children by parents—the denial of their feelings, their wills, and most important, their needs—apparently is not a distant memory at all. *For Your Own Good* struck a deep chord in Germany when it was published there several years ago.

The bulk of Dr. Miller's book consists of three case studies of abused children: Adolf Hitler; Christiane F., who became a heroin addict; and Jurgen Bartsch, who turned into a child murderer. The question that underlies her examination of their youthful ordeals has haunted her since the end of World War II:

> What could make a person conceive the plan of gassing millions of human beings to death and . . . how could it then be possible for millions of others to acclaim him and assist in carrying out this plan?

That is hardly a new question, and Dr. Miller's analysis, while perceptive, is neither an original nor a definitive account of the unaccountable horror. She inclines to the psychologically reductive variety of explanation and locates the cause of the Holocaust in violent parental repression of "the child within us—i.e.: the weak, helpless, dependent creature," in Hitler's own household and several generations of German families as well. She's surely right that an excessively harsh upbringing may well breed hatred and insecurity that later find expression in perverse power relations—but not quite perversity on the scale of Hitlerian Germany.

But Dr. Miller's view of how pedagogy can distort power relations on a personal, rather than a political or social, level is persuasive and pertinent—even in America, where children have long been renowned as raucous creatures compared to their dutiful European counterparts. ("The irresponsible infants, the *enfants terribles*," a well-bred Englishwoman exclaimed upon visiting America a century ago; "They do, say, *and eat*, everything they please.") Dr.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A New Judaism

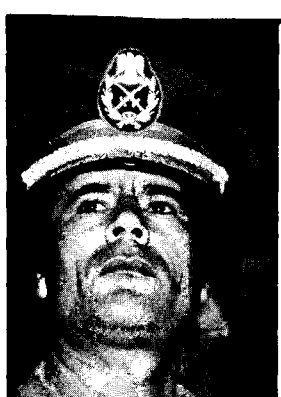
A bold new secular interpretation of Jewish identity

The most interesting Jews of the last one hundred years never joined a synagogue. They never prayed. They were uninterested in God. They paid no attention to the Torah lifestyle. They found Reform as meaningless as Orthodoxy. But they found a new positive humanistic dimension in their Jewish identity.

Humanistic Judaism is the quarterly journal of a new movement in Jewish life which presents an alternative Judaism for those who are still searching.

Send $15 for an annual subscription or for information write to:

Society for Humanistic Judaism
Department 2
28611 W. 12 Mile Road
Farmington Hills, Michigan 48018
(313) 478-7610



The training and support of terrorists • Ex-CIA agents Wilson and Terpil • The Billy Carter Affair • The "Hilton Assignment" • Civil war in Chad • OPEC militancy • The shooting of a Libyan dissident in Colorado • The Green Book • A $20 billion Libyan-Soviet arms deal • The US air battle over the Gulf of Sirte • North African regimes in peril • The Islamic bomb • Hit squads. . .

For more than a decade, one man's revolution in an unfamiliar African country has engendered dozens of major—often seemingly unrelated—news stories. Here, for the first time, all of the pieces are assembled.

LIBYAN SANDSTORM

The Complete Account of Qaddafi's Revolution
by John K. Cooley

A New Republic Book • Holt, Rinehart and Winston

Miller's denunciation of the "poisonous" repressive child-rearing methods used in Germany is part of her larger case against pedagogical systems in general, authoritarian and permissive: they are the expression of unfulfilled parental needs and wishes, she argues, rather than a response to children's inevitably clamorous desires and requirements. Demanding orderliness and altruism at a tender age, strict parents (Dr. Miller describes the brutal extreme of the breed) deny a crucial narcissistic phase of childhood—that taxing but important time when helpless, self-centered tyrants rule the household, their urgent needs temporarily law.

It's clear, however, that permissive parents, far more common in our middle classes, can be just as poisonous. In fact, lenient parental attitudes have lately been criticized in this country on similar grounds: they too deprive children of a healthy amount of self-centered childhood, if in a subtler, nonviolent way. Instead of being their parents' victims, children are enlisted as their accomplices, which is an equally inappropriate, unchildlike role. "Everywhere today parents are explicating texts of themselves," Marie Winn writes in her new book, *Children Without Childhood*, "trying to get their children to understand, to agree, to forgive, instead of simply telling the kids what to do. . . . The child really has come to seem a psychological equal."

Alice Miller's own convictions about constructive child-rearing will sound familiar to the many Americans who have taken Dr. Spock's advice not to be befuddled by experts' theories, believed his assurance, "You know more than you think you do." "We do not need to be told whether to be strict or permissive with our children," she writes.

> All pedagogy is superfluous as long as children are provided with a dependable person in early childhood, can use this person . . . , and need not fear losing him or her or being abandoned if they express their feelings. Children who are taken seriously, respected, and supported in this way can experience themselves and the world on their own terms and do not need adult coercion.

Such sturdy childhoods can be the source of inspiring memories—memories that prompt imaginative sympathy, which is what all creators, of art and children alike, need most.

ANN HULBERT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIEDS

Rates for Text Classifieds per insertion

1 time, $1.25 per word
6 times, $1.10 per word
12 times, $1 per word
24 times, 90 cents per word
36 times, 75 cents per word
48 times, 65 cents per word

Rates for Display Classifieds per insertion

1 time, $38 per column inch
6 times, $34 per column inch
12 times, $30 per column inch
24 times, $27 per column inch
36 times, $23 per column inch
48 times, $19 per column inch

There is an additional charge of $4.50 per insertion for a TNR Box number. Telephone numbers count as two words, abbreviations count as one word, zip codes are free.

We accept *only* camera-ready copy for display classifieds. (Complete display advertising rate card will be sent on request.) Send your advertising copy along with check or money order, or Mastercard or Visa number and expiration date. Or call collect to place your order. Telephone orders must be charged to credit cards. We do not bill. Copy must be received 28 days before Monday issue date. All ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Write or call collect (person to person): Theresa Miller, Classified Advertising Department, The New Republic, 1220 19th St., NW, Washington, DC 20036; 202/331-7494.

Art

LOON—CANADA GOOSE—PUFFIN—SEA OTTER—beautiful sterling silver pendants and pins. color brochure $1. Jay Greene. Box R. Halibut Cove, Homer, AK 99603.

JAPANESE PRINTS.
Woodblock print reproductions of masterpieces by ukiyo-e artists hand-carved according to the original by expert craftsmen. Fully illustrated catalogue with 600 designs, $12.00, available from Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Ave., Homewood, Ill 60430

ADACHI INSTITUTE OF WOODCUT PRINTS
Central P.O. Box 362, Tokyo, Japan

Associations

HATE CROWDS? Be a card-carrying hermit, enjoy solitude! Join Hermits International. Dept. N, Box 224, Brentwood, TN 37027. Lifetime membership, $10.

"ORDER OF GANDHI"—a non-violent organization. Complimentary information cassette. Send $3 for postage/handling. Gandhi Center, Box 2041, Burbank, CA 91505.

Books

QUALITY USED MYSTERIES, for readers and collectors. Choctaw, Ridgeland, Miss. 39157.

UNIQUE BOOKPLATES. Free personalized sample. Calligrapher, Box 55215, Little Rock, AR 72225.

The Scholar's Bookshelf, A-5 Write for our new Spring/Summer 1983 Sale Catalog—over 1,158 scholarly titles at discounts up to 75%. 51 Everett Drive, Princeton Jct., NJ 08550

Looking for a special or scarce book? Try Andromeda Bookshop. Box 1076, Maquoketa, IA 52060.

QUALITY USED BOOKS. Free catalog. Shuhi, Morris, CT 06763.

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL!

Learn the world's great secret, how the Romans (Flavius Josephus and family) created fictional Jesus, Christianity, authored New Testament POSITIVE PROOF, legitimate offer SCHOLARLY BOOKLET. Send $3 to Vector, Box 6215 G, Bellevue, WA 98008

Business Oppt.

Motel zoned for expansion near Atlantic City. Opportunity for major motel chain to acquire in prime location, 6 miles from Atlantic City, 2 miles from airport, corner property, commercially zoned. Excellent income. (609) 652-0715. Price $265,000, terms available.

PROFESSIONAL FASHION/COLOR ANALYZING/IMAGE CONSULTING COMPANY seeks highly motivated, concerned individuals desiring financial independence. Certification Training Program offered locally. V. Eubanks, 6401 Old Dominion Dr., McLean, VA 22101; (703) 821-2689.

GO PUBLIC: public companies available for mergers with your private company. Reply to: Box 271, White Plains, NY 10605.

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED

Be a Jumeaux distributor of perfumes and colognes. You can earn big profits. For full details write: Jumeaux, 303 5th Avenue, Box 1415, New York, NY 10016.

Buttons/Bumperstickers

BUTTONS/BUMPERSTICKERS/CUSTOM PRINTED (union shop) "The Source" since 1961! Largest variety social awareness and anti-nuclear items in stock for immediate shipment. FREE WHOLESALE CATALOG. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, NY 11582. (516) 791-7929

Clothing

BIRKENSTOCK SANDALS—*free* catalog. Call: 1-800-332-0191. Footprints 1339 Massachusetts, Lawrence KS 66044.

Own the most comfortable leather sandals in the world. Each pair custom made for guaranteed perfect fit. Conventional and exotic designs. FREE illustrated brochure. Fitz Sandals, RTR, Tiskilwa, IL 61368.

GO LIGHTLY . . .
in pure cotton drawstring pants, tops, jackets and dresses. Free catalogue and swatches

a cottage industry
Dove Box NR83 Burkittsville, MD 21718

Employment Oppt.

JOBS! Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana. Computerized newsletter with 200 + current jobs every week. Free details! MountainWest, 925-NR Canyon, Logan, UT 84321.

ENVIRONMENTAL OPPORTUNITIES—Monthly bulletin lists environmental job openings throughout the U.S. Free details. EO, P.O. Box O, Walpole, NH 03608.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT HOTLINE

Monthly issues reveal current opportunities for career and temporary overseas employment
DISCOVER WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU IN THE WORLD—AND HOW TO GET IT NOW!

YES! Connect me to **HOTLINE** information on current internatonal employment opportunities every month. Send me:
(US) $26.00 One year subscription
(US) $18.00 Six month subscription.
(US) $13.50 Three month trial subscription
Enclosed $ ____ **Check** **Money Order**
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ **State** ____ **Zip** ____
Include (US) $8.00 for subscriptions outside U.S. and Canada. Send with payment to: **International Employment Hotline**, 4216 West 12th St., Suite AA, Little Rock, AR 72204.

Hotels

ST. CHARLES HOTEL

BEST BUY IN D.C.! From Only $39 - Sgl.
Dupont/Embassy Area

1731 New Hampshire Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009
(202) 332-2226 (800) 424-2463

Weekend in D.C.-the fun is FREE

Instruction

SLEEP-LEARNING tapes, books! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, WA 98507.

Literary Services

Library Research Service. All fields. $5.00/hour. Don Bradley. Box 24450, Los Angeles, CA 90024.

Music

Sperrhake Harpsichords. Clavichords—Robert S. Taylor. 8710 Garfield, Bethesda, MD 20817.

Personal

SINGLE, SELECTIVE? Prefer books to bars? Contact BiblioBuffs Sooner! Box 995, Ingram, TX 78025. (Enclose SASE)

Active Marxist, 54, seeks female comrade-partner. TNR 1185.

SINGLE MUSIC LOVERS—meet discriminating, cultured singles through a nationwide personal service. SML, P.O. Box 505, Brooklyn, NY 11229.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ORIENTAL WOMEN seek correspondence for cultural exchange, language practice, friendship. Cherry Blossoms, Box 1021NR, Honokaa, HI 96727.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. Join one of America's largest correspondence clubs. Free information. Send stamp. Friendships Unlimited, Box 350, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

WASHINGTON WIDOW: warm, attractive, semi-retired professional seeks male counterpart 60-70 for rewarding companionship. TNR Box 1175.

Bisexuals meet discreetly through Double Vision directory. Sample issue $3.75. Write: P.O. Box 1107, Richmond, CA 94802.

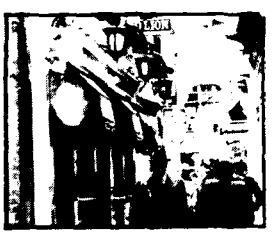
I & Thou: an organization for straight-minded single adults. Write: I & Thou, P.O. Box 1640, Angleton, TX 77515.

MARRIAGE BUREAU. Doctors, Engineers, Scientists, even millionaires wishing to meet and marry Americans. Toll free 1-800-446-7660 or write U.S.B.I.C., Box 29769, Richmond, VA 23229.

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE—Nationwide link between unattached music lovers. Write: CMLE, Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured singles acquainted. Established 1970. 3000 members. Nationwide. Box AE, Swarthmore, PA 19081 or call 215-566-2132.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. CONTACT™ (212) 794-0050. Nationwide.



LONDONWALKS
by Anton Powell

Four intimate walking tours of London's most historic and enchanting areas, with maps, photos and a selected list of restaurants, shops, and pubs

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____(@ $8.95 (paperback) _____

ISBN: 0-03-059208-9

_____(@ $15.95 (hardcover) _____

ISBN: 0-03-059748-X

Postage (5% of above subtotal) _____

Handling .75

Applicable state & local taxes _____

Total enclosed: _____

Send to: Trade Order Dept.
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10175
Prices subject to change without notice.

UNATTACHED? Meet sincere, literate singles—anywhere. Call DATELINE-free 800-451-3245.

JEWISH SINGLES—meet friendly, intelligent, high-quality professional Jewish men & women. Monday-Thursday, 1 pm - 8 pm (212) 734-5566.

SCANDINAVIAN LADIES, 18-65, sincere, seek correspondence/friendship. Details: Scannaclub/9C, Box 4, Pittsford, NY 14534.

Property Sale/Rent

FOR RENT

FURNISHED HOUSE IN PALISADES, NEW YORK (Rockland County). 20 minutes by car or nearby bus to George Washington Bridge. 30 foot living/dining room with conversation pit and woodburning fireplace, 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, den, kitchen. Small greenhouse with heated yearround swimming pool. 2-car garage. Approximately one wooded acre. Available August or September 1983 to June 15, 1984. Not suitable for small children or pets. $900 monthly plus utilities or will exchange for furnished apartment in Washington, D.C. area. Call 914/359-6224.

Publications

NIKOLA TESLA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY! Quality illustrated paperback, 111 pages, $7.95. Hart Brothers, Box 205-N, Williston, VT 05495.

THE ALTERNATIVE TO TECHNOLOGICAL CULTURE by Edith Muesing. $6.50. Publisher: Todd & Honeywell (616) 487-9777.

THE PEOPLE. (NR) Marxist biweekly covering major national, international developments at rates workers can afford. Subscriptions: $1 for 4 months; $4 for 1 year. 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

MESOAMERICA, monthly news and analysis of Central America. $30 per year. $20 for students. ICAS, Apdo. 300, 1002 San Jose, Costa Rica.

"HOW TO EXECUTE AN AGENCY" by E. Waterhouse Allen. Wicked, informed satire about Bureaucratic Types you should recognize! Distilled from 50 years' work in human service agencies. 135 pages, 1st edition, ppd. $3.95. Write: BARKBACK (NR), P.O. Box 235, Glenshaw, PA 15116.

LET ME DIE BEFORE I WAKE
By Derek Humphry (author of Jean's Way)

Unique guide to self-deliverance for dying persons $11 p/p. Membership (incls. newsletter) $15. Non-profit.

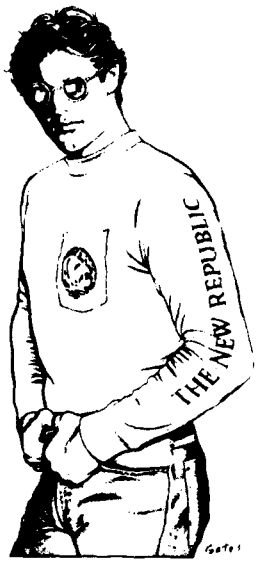
Hemlock Society, P.O. Box 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066. Phone (213) 391-1871

Services

RESIDENTIAL TREATMENT FACILITY FOR ADULTS. An alternative to extended psychiatric hospitalization for the selective few. Cambray House, P.O. Box 398, Dover, DE 19903. (302) 674-4438.

T-Shirts

TRULY NEEDY T-SHIRTS—Fight Reaganonics! Help establish a shelter for the homeless by wearing a "Certified U.S. Gov't TRULY NEEDY" T-shirt. Tan only, S,M,L,XL. Send $7.50 to: Truly Needy, 3461 Ruther, Cincinnati, OH 45220.



The New Republic T-Shirt
Silver-grey 100% cotton long-sleeved T-shirt comes with The New Republic logo detailed in dark blue and white on the left sleeve and our 1914 ship emblem on the breast pocket. Adult sizes small, medium, large, extra-large. Send check or money order for $12.75 per shirt to Dept. T, The New Republic, 1220 19th St. NW, Washington, DC 20036.

Vacation/Travel

Parador Martorell—Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673. Rest, relax, swim, snorkelers, surfers, birders, steps away from famous Luquillo Beach. Hike to rain forest, visit outer islands.

ENJOY HEALTH VACATION at lakeside health resort. Daily health and exercise classes, supervised fasting available, weight loss, stress, reduction. Brochure: Northern Pines, Box 279R, Rt. 85, Raymond, ME 04071. (207) 655-7624.

MANZANILLO, MEXICO. House on picturesque beach, $300 per week, sleeps six. Robert Yonts, 340 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz, CA 95062.

TOBAGO, private beach cottages. Tropical paradise. Swim, snorkel, fish, scuba from front door. Brochure: Charles O. Turpin, Charlotteville, Tobago, West Indies.

TRAVELLING TO BRITAIN? We help you enjoy Britain economically. Custom-tailored itineraries. Free brochure, price list. INTERBRITAIN, INC., 3445 Wedgewood, Roanoke, VA 24015.

Wanted to Rent

Urgently needs inexpensive, quiet place to live plus small work space (art, crafts). Prefer location near water, town or country, within 100 miles of Washington, DC. Woman, non-smoker, has cat, respects environment. Reply TNR 1190.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Etc.

NECK TIE NARROWING Save your wide ties from fashion obsolescence! We'll narrow your ties to a stylish 3" width (or state width). Great birthday or Christmas gift. Send $12.50 for each set of 3 ties to Slim Ties Co., 44 Monterey Blvd., Dept. N S.F., CA 94131

CELEBRITIES ADDRESSES: over 4,800 pesonal addresses. Send $2.00 for list of names, subsequent addresses 50¢ each to: ACS, 1765 No. Highland Avenue, #434, Dept. NR, Hollywood, CA 90028.

HIGHER EDUCATION COST SOARING! We have the solution. Guaranteed. Free details: RA Enterprises, P.O. Box 2130, Dept. TNR, Clifton Park, NY 12065.

FREE Halley's Comet commemorative token and Newsletter. Halley's Comet Watch, Box 188-R, Vincentown, NJ 08088.

GUARDS' NAVAJO RUGS, 2625 Desert Drive, Las Cruces, NM 88001. Brochure and descriptive price list, $2.00.

PEARLS: Lustrous Freshwater pearls (6 x 4mm) with 14Kt clasps. 7" bracelet, $25; 16" choker, $40; 24" matinee, $55; 32" opera, $70. Money Order or Cashier's Check. MC International, P.O. Box 44264, Tucson, AZ 85733. (602) 323-1875. Moneyback guarantee.

MODERNIZE YOUR NECKTIES!
Ties narrowed to 3". Send tie + $4.50 (3 for $12.50) in large manila envelope to: Peter's, 16415 Ironwood NW, Tinley Park, IL 60477. Guaranteed!

DINOSAUR COLLECTORS! Models, Clothing, Stamps, Books, Everything. Write: Dinosaur, Box 546N, Tallman, NY 10982.

ATTENTION CABLE SUBSCRIBERS! Descramblers, converters, plans and parts, build or buy. Send $2 for catalog to JDT ELECTRONICS, INC., P.O. Box 8274, Grand Rapids, MI 49508.

Advertise in *Gleanings* magazine. Only 25¢ a word. Box 86RN, Cutten, CA 95534.

Repellow CEDAR PET BED

Repels Fleas & Ticks NATURALLY

Pets & People Love the Cedar Aroma. Fleas and Ticks HATE IT! Sound alternative to harmful chemical products. Deodorizes too!

Soft cedar shavings fill a UNIQUE foam inner-cushion. Durable and appealing fabric cover unsnaps for easy machine washing. QUALITY BUILT - *NOT BURLAP*

- Small 18"x23" - $15.95
- Medium 24"x32" - $18.95
- Large 30"x42" - $24.95

(Price includes tax and shipping)

Satisfaction Guaranteed & Postpaid

Mail Orders: **Repellow Products Dept. NR 1417 Fones Rd., Oly. WA 98501**

Instant Charge Orders - Call Free **Anytime**

1-800-824-7888
Ask for Operator 748

DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

tighten

. . . your advertising budget with affordable NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Rates begin at just $1.25 per word and can go as low as 65¢ per word for multiple insertions. Ads with camera-ready copy begin at just $38.00 per column inch and can go as low as $19.00 per column inch.

Face it . . . there's no better way to place your message in front of 250,000 responsive readers every week. Just ask any NEW REPUBLIC advertiser:

"Both our classified and display classified advertising in the NEW REPUBLIC has paid off handsomely from the first insertion. We have found that, after tracking responses to our ads for a 90-day period, each insertion produces an average gross income six times greater than our actual space, production and catalogue costs."

Martin R. Paule
TNR Classified advertiser
Deva Natural Clothes

To advertise in TNR classifieds, simply fill out the following form. See the preceding page for complete rate information, or call collect (202) 331-7494 for free estimates.

Buy two, get one free!

If this is the first time you've advertised in our classified section, you're eligible for our "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for two insertions, and we'll give you the third one FREE. How can you refuse?

Send check/money order or MasterCard/Visa #, along with your ad copy, to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC, 1220 19th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Phone order accepted with MasterCard/Visa only
Call Theresa Miller—person-to-person collect—at (202) 331-7494.

☐ *YES* I want to tighten my advertising budget with affordable NEW REPUBLIC classifieds. Enclosed is prepayment, along with my ad copy.

Please run my ad _____ times.

_____
(Advertiser)

_____
(Product or Service)

_____
(Address)

_____
(City, State, Country, Zip/Postal Code)

☐ *YES* I qualify for your "3 FOR 2" INTRODUCTORY OFFER.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DALLAS DIARIST

Las Colinas

DALLAS IS sometimes described as the Switzerland of Texas: clean, efficient, industrious, a little boring. Leaving aside the fact that Dallas has the topography of a rumpled bed, and granting that there are any number of bars where, when the clientele achieves a certain critical mass, none of the Swiss adjectives apply, the generalization seems to me about as apt as such generalizations ever are. The native garb in Dallas is not cowboy denim but the business suit. The local commodity is not oil (that's Houston, or Midland) but money—insurance, banking, brokering, and especially real estate development. The prevailing values are Calvinist. The prevailing politics are oligarchic, dominated by the white, well-to-do residents of North Dallas, with an awkward sense of noblesse oblige. (During my first extended visit to the city in May, Mayor-elect A. Starke Taylor, a North Dallasite, announced his choice for the ceremonial post of Mayor Pro Tem. Asked to explain the appointment, Taylor replied, "Number one, he's black.") There is much talk in Dallas of civic responsibility. A lot of it comes from residents of Highland Park, an independently incorporated island suburb inside the Dallas city limits, where civic leaders live in splendid dwellings without having to pay city taxes or send their children to city schools or share their police force with less homogeneous neighborhoods. The 1984 Republican convention, booked into Dallas, should feel at home.

IF DALLAS is Switzerland, Las Colinas will be its Zurich. Las Colinas is a twelve thousand-acre site west of the city that is now ten years into its development as the premier corporate address in America. By the time of its completion in the year 2000, Las Colinas is to be a self-contained community where fifty thousand residents and several hundred corporations can live in well-policed, union-free, amenity-packed proximity to their own kind. As Ben Carpenter, Las Colinas's mastermind, explained recently in a speech to developers, "Corporations like to rub shoulders with the real leaders, just like the social instincts of people motivate them to rub shoulders with people of class and distinction, so to speak." Or something.

THE CENTERPIECE of Las Colinas-in-progress is a noiseless, smokestack-free "urban center" that imparts the same sense of artificial perfect order Walt Disney's designers strive for in their planned communities. Flower beds line man-made canals that flow through canyons of modern office buildings. Spanish façades front the canals, masking the more utilitarian structures. Mahogany taxi-boats ply the canals. Around this white-collar downtown, neighborhoods of corporations and families have been situated, everything in its place. Where is the Accounts Division of I.B.M.? Why, where else but at the corner of Corporate Drive and Executive Drive. The residential neighborhoods are exclusive "villages" of homes ranging in price up to nearly one million dollars, all manicured and eerily underpopulated. Except for an occasional foursome on one of the two golf courses, few human beings were in sight when I visited. At the Equestrian Center, which resembles a fairly classy Spanish-style motel for horses, the animals reside in stalls equipped with automated water troughs and bug sprayers; in a corral, a dappled mare, tethered to a revolving spar, exercised herself without supervision.

FOR A SELF-STYLED MONUMENT to free enterprise, Las Colinas seems a curiously unlikely place to get any work done. I picture a steady, muffled hum of teleconferences and corporate paper-shuffling behind those glass and metal walls, but it is almost inconceivable that an entrepreneurial, wildcatting spirit would survive for long in this cocoon. The Las Colinas promotional film boasts it was established "the old-fashioned American way, with no government subsidy, no federal funds." Thus it is "free to create the high standard of excellence that only the private sector can set for itself." Strictly speaking, the private sector had a little help. The developers of Las Colinas donated ("without fanfare or publicity," says a handout) many acres of property and rights-of-way; the state used them to construct a highway between Dallas and the Dallas-Fort Worth airport, conveniently bisecting Las Colinas and transforming Ben Carpenter's inaccessible cattle ranch into a priceless ganglion in the nervous system of international commerce.

BUT THE MORE AMUSING paradox of Las Colinas is that this monument to freedom from government is itself a mini-government of such authoritarian bent that it would cause most Big Government liberals discomfort. The promotional film calls the development, in a phrase that should make a libertarian's skin crawl, "a totally master-planned community." The streets are heavily patrolled and lined with signs that warn, NO STOPPING STANDING PARKING. From a central station hooked up to TV sets, a computer "interrogates" sensors in Las Colinas homes and businesses every few seconds around the clock. If there is evidence of something amiss, a dispatcher punches a key on the console in front of him to call up "a confidential demographic profile" of the building and its occupants. Rigid architectural controls are enforced by restrictive-use covenants written into all deeds. An unpleasant fate awaits the first free-thinking family that decides to mount a pink plastic flamingo on its front lawn. Ben Carpenter has taken great pains to make sure no such family will blunder into his enclave. At enormous expense, he bought up a "buffer zone" around Las Colinas. Some of the acquired land was donated to the City of Dallas or University of Dallas for parks and greenbelts. Some cheap housing was torn down and replaced with residential developments more compatible with Las Colinas. "This is an example of making property pleasant by removing an undesirable element," Carpenter says. Thus is the paradox of Las Colinas easily explained. Central government of the most intrusive kind is acceptable so long as it is a government of, by, and for people just like yourself.

BILL KELLER

Bill Keller is a reporter with the Washington bureau of the *Dallas Times Herald*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"This may be the only computer center where one of the job hazards is seasickness."

The Hollis Hedberg, Gulf's own floating computer center.

"This computer center happens to be on the *Hollis Hedberg*," says Gulf Research Geophysicist John McDonald. "It's the only research vessel in the industry that has complete data processing right on board. And that makes all the difference.

"The typical oil exploration ship is equipped only to record raw data from whatever equipment it has on board to detect oil deposits under the ocean floor. Usually they

"On-board computers help you learn a lot more, a lot faster."

have seismic sounding gear, occasionally magnetometers and gravity meters. The raw data gets sent to an onshore computer center for analysis, and by the time analysis is complete, the ship could be a thousand miles away.

"By contrast, the *Hedberg* has a full complement of recording equipment, including chemical hydrocarbon detectors, and with computers right on board, we can make a preliminary analysis immediately. If it looks good, we go back for a second look at that location.

"It could take five or six years between the time you find an oil deposit and the time you actually start drilling for oil, so any time we save in exploration puts the country that much closer to a new supply of petroleum.

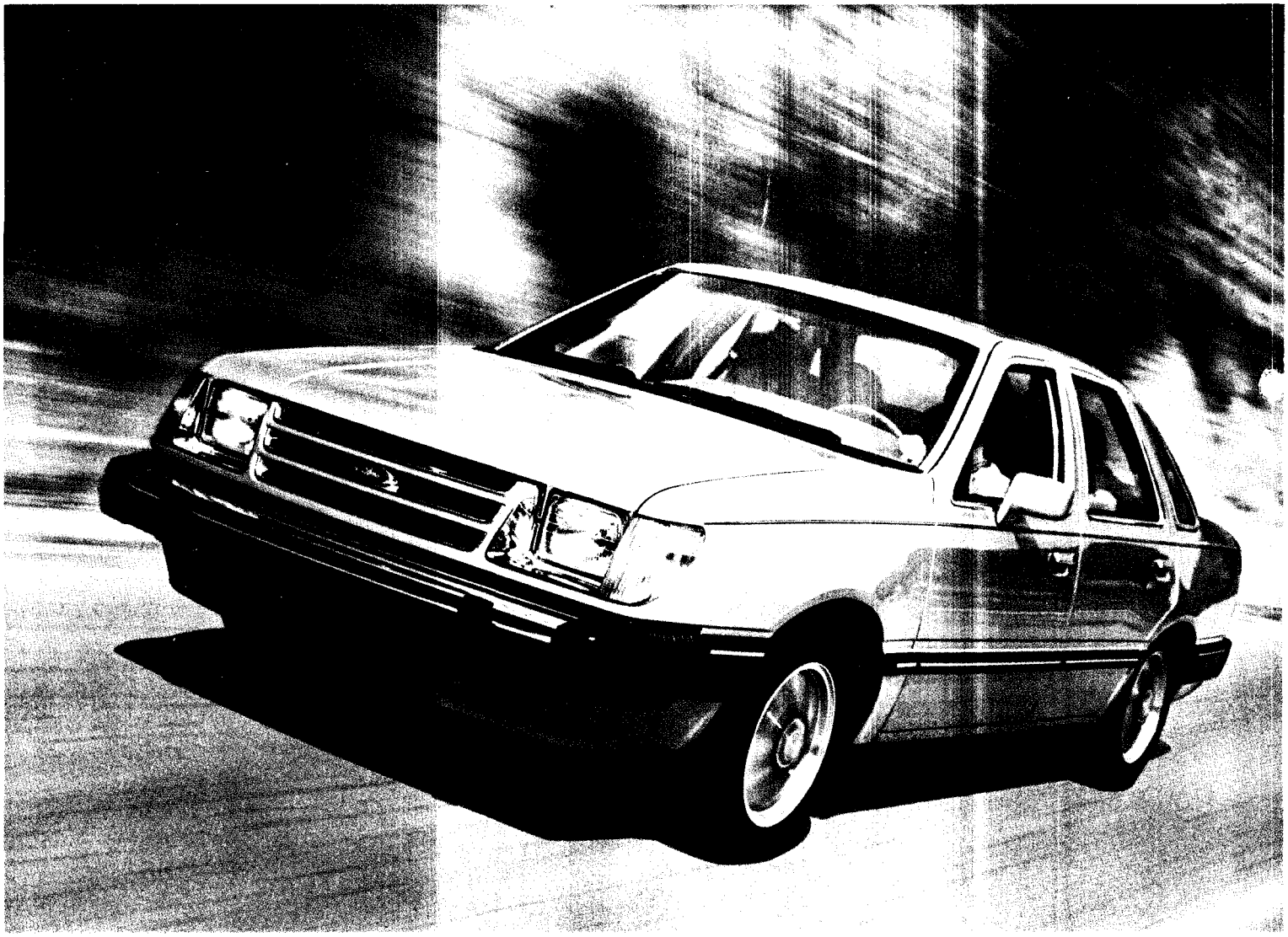
"It's a real challenge, trying to find that invisible spot under the seabed that's likely to produce oil. But the *Hedberg* is one of the best ways there is of finding it."

Gulf

Gulf people: energy for tomorrow.

©Gulf Oil Corporation 1983

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The all-new 1984 Ford Tempo

Style and technology in total harmony.

Form follows function.

In its creation of Tempo, Ford set out to design a car that would prove that a spacious interior, comfort and performance could be compatible with fuel efficiency. Ford engineers began with a sound design principle: Form follows function. First came completely new functional ideas. And then Tempo's pleasing form followed–naturally.

An acknowledged world leader in aerodynamic design, Ford used this expertise in creating Tempo. And it has a profound effect on the overall performance of the car. For example, aerodynamics helps Tempo hug the road because airflow is directed to reduce lift for improved stability and directional control.

Tempo is equipped with the world's most advanced automotive computer: the EEC-IV (Electronic Engine Control). It monitors and controls seven vital functions of Tempo's new 2300 HSC engine for optimum power response and fuel efficiency.

Fuel economy rates high on Tempo's list of pluses. The standard E.S. (Fuel Saver) powertrain with 4-speed manual transaxle is rated at 43 estimated hwy. and 28 EPA estimated mpg.*

TEMPO FEATURES

Front-wheel drive: All-weather traction, precise handling.

Four-wheel independent suspension: Responsive handling and a smooth ride.

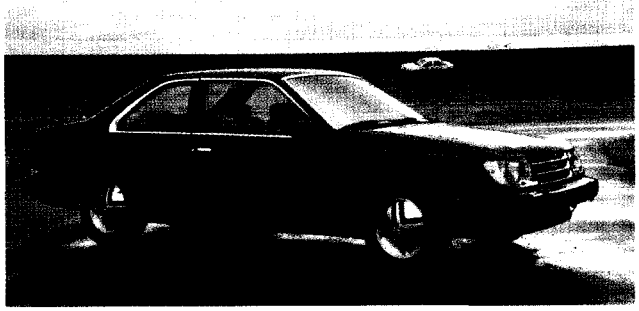
EEC-IV computer: Instantly monitors and controls seven vital engine functions for optimum power/output and fuel efficiency.

2300 HSC engine: New High Swirl Combustion engine designed for quick power response.

Transaxle: Available with manual 4-speed, 5-speed or automatic transaxle.

Computer refined interior: Seats five passengers. More rear passenger room than a Mercedes 300D.

Quality is Job 1: Body fit tolerances that can be compared with European Sports Sedans.



Available in 2-door and 4-door (above).

Pick up the Tempo of your life.

To obtain a brochure with more information on Ford's all-new sedan, see your Ford Dealer or call 1-800-772-2100.

*For comparison and applicable only to sedans without A/C. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance and weather. Actual highway mileage and California ratings will probably be lower.

Get it together–Buckle up.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED